



# THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

20 cents

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## Amongst Ourselves

A journalism professor, Herbert A. Kenny by name, who has also been a conductor of a humor column, writes in the August *Catholic World* that one of the gravest deficiencies to be found in Catholic publications is a lack of wit and humor. Their chief stocks in trade, he adds, are "assiduous admonition, a sense of affliction, an air of strife, controversy and forehead-furrowed concern." They lack, in other words, the fun of satire, the boisterous gaiety of some of the saints, the deft ridicule that is better than a lengthy thesis against pundits and dictators.

Since the author makes no exceptions in thus characterizing Catholic publications, it is quite safe to say that he has not been made acquainted with *THE LIGUORIAN*. Long ago its editors decided that nobody would long read a magazine that did not give them, now and then, a smile, a chuckle and a laugh. It is, perhaps, the only Catholic magazine that often makes use of the art of satire, which Mr. Kenny places high on the list of vehicles of humor.

Mr. Kenny states that most editors reject satire because of the danger that readers will not recognize that it is satire, and will take it seriously. He scoffs at this excuse, but we of *THE LIGUORIAN*, who have exploited satire, can give him plenty of evi-

dence that satire is frequently misread. We once published a satire on how easy it is, judging from some of the current examples, to write a best seller and make a fortune; two persons immediately wrote in and said they were taking our advice on how to get rich and beginning to write a best seller at once: *They* were not being satirical, because one of them asked us if we would publish the book we had inspired, and the other promised us part of the fortune about to be made. When we published a satirical article on the inconveniences of travelling by railroad, a railroad man wrote to tell us that we ought to be ashamed to publish such vicious attacks on a reputable and efficient public service. We once published the broadest kind of satire on modern perfumes and an irate lady took it as an attack on the whole female sex. Satire is fun, but it is not always taken as funny.

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Readers who have expressed interest in the article entitled "Shepherd of the Outcast" in the July *Liguorian*, which was the story of Father Tim Dempsey of St. Louis, are referred to the excellent biography "Father Tim" by Rev. H. A. McAuliffe, S.J., which is the chief source of facts concerning the great modern apostle of charity.

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# THE Liguorian

SEPTEMBER, 1949

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

## Rules for Schooling

Badly needed, we think, is a series of rules for parents to observe in regard to the schooling of their children. These rules assume that the parents have chosen the right kind of school for their children, and merely point out the right attitude and conduct toward the child's teachers, the child's companions, and the child's progress in school.

*D. F. Miller*

IF YOU are a parent, and have a child attending school, you have a number of responsibilities that are extremely important for the welfare and character-formation of your child. The school is not an independent institution, that takes your child into its shelter and leaves you nothing to think about or worry about while it is there. Nor is it a place into which you can follow your child each day and dictate every word that is spoken and every idea that is set forth. The school is a supplement to your home, and over all the new relationships into which it brings your child you have the duty of exercising a prudent and watchful supervision.

At almost any point in the school setup, it is possible for parents to make mistakes and do harm. Some parents do little or no thinking about the whole matter, sending their children off to school with a sigh of relief and a spirit of abandonment, and perhaps they wake up to what is happening to them only when suddenly some urgent problem concerning one of them is thrown into their lap by the school. Others create problems in respect to their children's

schooling by undue interference and meddling, which can do almost as much harm as gross negligence and unconcern.

For these reasons there is need of a set of rules that parents can study and adopt for their own conduct in regard to their children's schooling. As they are here set down, each rule reflects mistakes that have been made by parents because they either knew nothing about the rule, or acted contrary to the wisdom that it contains.

Before reading or studying these rules, it would be good for parents to review some of the fundamental facts about their responsibility in the education of their children. There are three such facts to be kept in mind, on the basis of which the rules to follow are laid down.

*First*, the primary right and duty of education rests on parents. They may and must teach their children whatever things they think their children most need to learn and they themselves are capable of teaching. They may and must choose a school for their children whose subject-matter and methods of teaching conform to their beliefs as to what con-

stitutes a good and complete education.

*Second*, when they send a child to school, parents are delegating some of their teaching authority to the school. This delegation is neither absolute, in the sense that the school takes over completely the task of the parents; nor is it merely nominal, in the sense that the parents have a right to interfere at will and whim with the child's teachers at school.

*Third*, parents must, while their child is in school, back up the authority of the school, watch for any clear abuses of that authority, and supplement the teaching efforts of the delegated teachers of their children.

On the basis of these fundamental facts about parents' duties in regard to the education of their children, the following practical rules may be set down for their guidance. These rules apply to all children in grade school, and with but slight modification to those in high school.

*1. Instruct your child, before it starts to school and repeatedly after it is in school, that it must obey its teachers, study the lessons given, and practice good behaviour, because this is your wish and your command.*

It is exceedingly important that a child be thoroughly convinced that its parents stand behind the school, that it is really their authority that is sending them to school, and that they shall demand an accounting of what their child does in school. Without such explicit instructions a child can come to think that home and school are separate and unrelated areas of authority, and can learn to play off one against the other.

*2. Take a personal and detailed interest in your child's report cards, thus giving it to understand that its progress and behaviour in school are matters*

*over which you keep the closest watch.*

If your child brings home a good report card, show a proper amount of joy and satisfaction over it and urge the child to try to do even better. However, do not overdo the praise, e.g., by bragging overmuch to others, in your child's presence, about its brilliance and success in school, lest it become proud. If your child brings home a poor or mediocre report card, offer to help it with its studies, and quietly consult its teachers to find out what they think may be holding the child back in its studies. If a behaviour report is bad, never let it pass without at least a warning, nor, if it does not improve with time, without punishment. Many later and serious heartaches will be avoided if behaviour reports are checked carefully and acted upon early.

*3. Never take sides openly with your child against the authorities at school.*

One of the worst of all dangers in school is that your child may come to know that it can get by with bad conduct or disobedience in school and then be defended and comforted at home. To avoid that, don't sympathize with your child when it comes home complaining of punishment or ill-treatment it has received at school. It may even be good at times to add a new punishment to that already received. Don't let your child overhear you criticizing or expressing dislike of one of its teachers. Don't relate, in the presence of your child, any gossip you have heard that may lessen its respect for any of its teachers. Remember how important it is that your child know that your authority and the school authorities are one; that it must respect its teachers as it respects you.

At the same time do not be surprised that your child's teachers may sometimes show something less than perfect



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tion in the classroom. Theirs is a harrowing task, if they have a large number of pupils. Just as you are not always a perfect parent, so your child's teacher may not always be a perfect teacher. Show your understanding of this by not bristling with resentment over every little fault of a teacher.

4. *Don't take your child's word alone for the fact that it is being treated unfairly, or punished unjustly, or "being picked on" in school.*

No matter how excellent a training you have tried to give your child, nor how much you expect of it, don't consider it beyond the realm of possibility that it might misrepresent things to you, or even tell you a lie. Your child is heir to a fallen human nature like every other human being, and can be tempted to break any rule you have taught it out of fear or human respect or desire for approval. If it comes home with a story of ill-treatment at the hands of teachers, check the story carefully before you express any opinion or take any side.

5. *Don't let your pride in your children blind you to the possibility that they could do wrong.*

The most foolish, and yet a very common statement of parents in the face of charges against their children is this: "Our child would never do such a thing." Parents have been known to deny the testimony of a dozen witnesses of bad behaviour on the part of their children, just because they did not want to believe it. Once a child senses that you have that kind of blind confidence in it, there is no telling to what lengths of evil it may go. A child may fall and be corrected and be the better for it; a child who falls and is defended by its parents will grow progressively worse.

6. *When you have a suspicion or some probable evidence that a teacher is unfair to your child, don't go to the*

*school principle or the pastor without first talking the matter over with the teacher herself.*

Parents, like children, can be "tattlers." In many cases their suspicions about a teacher will prove to be unfounded, or will inspire correction of a thoughtless mistake on the part of a teacher, if they talk the matter over with the teacher. If they go to a higher authority at once, then, whether their suspicions are justified or not, they will create bitter feelings in the teacher involved and make it all the more difficult for her and for the child. Over any school problem concerning their children parents should consult in this order: first, with the child's teacher; then, if necessary, with the school principal; lastly, if the problem is still unsolved, with the pastor.

7. *If your child is given homework to do, put your own authority behind that of the school, and see to it that the home work is conscientiously done.*

Again, this is a matter of proving to the child that parental authority and school authority are one. If you feel that the work is hard for your child, you should lend your assistance, and try to make it seem enjoyable even if it is not easy. Even if no home work is demanded, your parental interest should inspire you to go over certain lessons with your child at regular intervals. Above all, if your child has not been doing well in school, you should go over lessons with it at home.

8. *Keep a close supervision over your child's time and activities when it is not in school.*

Insist, from the very beginning, on your child's coming directly home from school, even to the point of punishing it whenever it does not do so. When you do give permission for a child to do something after or outside of school

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hours, insist on knowing in detail what is to be done and with whom, and set a time limit within which the child must be at home. If this carefully and interested supervision of off-school hours is practiced throughout the years when your child is in the grades, you will have little trouble during the difficult high school years.

9. *Make it a point to know personally the children whom your child has selected as its close friends and companions.*

In the best of schools there will be some children with poor backgrounds, bad habits and knowledge of evil beyond their years. Like all other children, such will pick friends and "cronies". They could take a liking to one of your children. Therefore you must be concerned about your children's friends, and the easiest way to maintain vigilance is to make sure that your children often bring their friends to play

in or about your own home. Thus you will have plenty of chance to meet them, to talk with them, to overhear them, and to judge whether they are good or bad companions for your children.

10. *In its association with other children, be on guard especially that your child does not become a "bully" over other children, nor one who can be led about by the nose by others.*

In the normal development of your children you will find many things to reprove and correct. You will watch that they do not become selfish, quarrelsome, boasting, untruthful, etc. But in their relations with others take special pains to suppress in them any tendency to "bully" smaller or weaker children, and to offset any temperamental inclination to permit others to dominate, control and sway them. Severe punishment is the best treatment for the former tendency; your own companionship and leadership will have to offset the second.

## Heil!

All parents have, the wise admit,  
Specific delegation  
From nature's laws to supervise  
Their children's education.

But there are men in favor of  
A governmental ruling  
To make all children subject to  
A godless public schooling.

And this, my friends, is how to make  
A government dictator;  
You regiment the children first,  
The older people—later.

L. F. H.

# A Bunch of Dandelions

A study in contrasts, and in how easily one can be deceived about the heart of a child.

*L. G. Miller*

THE FIRST cup of coffee on Sunday morning always tasted particularly good to young Father Hennessy; the only difficulty was that he was not given much time in which to savour it. It was the invariable custom of the pastor to say the last two Masses on Sunday; he assigned as his reason for this that he felt a continued need of "raising a few blisters" on the last Mass parishioners, and considered his assistant far too soft and gentle in his approach to accomplish this task.

After saying the six and the eight-fifteen Masses, Father Hennessy would come into the house a few minutes after nine. It annoyed him that Sarah, the housekeeper, always seemed to be taken by surprise that he should be ready for his breakfast.

"Do you want your breakfast now?" Sarah would say, as she put her missal on a shelf and took off her hat with the faded bunch of flowers.

"Yes, Sarah, if you don't mind." What he felt like saying was: "Good heavens, woman, what do *you* think?"

It always took Sarah a few moments of bustling around before his coffee was ready, and on this particular morning, he had just sat down and lifted the steaming cup to his lips, basking in the fragrant aroma, when the old pastor came slowly down the stairs.

Father Hanrahan had presided at St. Margaret's church for 26 years, and he could call 80 percent of his flock by their first names. He was a portly man,

with a full crop of iron-grey hair; he had perpetually flushed features, and his voice was like the booming of the sea against a rocky cliff. Habitually he presented an appearance of gruffness, but beneath the gruffness was a heart so soft that the bums and tramps had the rectory well marked in their itinerary, and cheerfully endured an inquisition into their religious beliefs and practices, with suitable admonitions delivered with great force and power, because they knew that invariably, after the ordeal, they would go away with some loose change, and fortified, if they so desired, by a cup of Sarah's excellent coffee.

"Good morning, my boy," said Father Hanrahan.

"Good morning, Father."

"Will you look in at the 9:30 and keep an eye on the children?"

"Yes, Father." This with an inward sigh. The 9:30 was the children's Mass, and keeping an eye on them meant standing at the back of the church, particularly during the pastor's sermon, ready to come to the aid of the sisters in quelling disturbances and taking in tow one or the other of the first-graders who not infrequently during the discourse burst into loud wails and had to be led into the outer air, there to be solaced and consoled.

There was indeed a reason for these disturbances. Father Hanrahan cherished among his small vanities the conviction that he had developed an expert

oratorical approach to children. Without doubt the matter of his sermons was wonderfully adapted to them, but his delivery left something to be desired, alternating as it did between passages which he boomed out like a cannon, and other passages which he spoke in a husky whisper which could not be understood beyond the first five pews. During the *sotto voce* sections, the older boys and girls, stationed about half way down the church, could not hear what was being said and grew restless; and on the other hand, during his occasional booming outbursts, which the pastor further emphasized by slapping his huge hand upon the pulpit, the little tots directly beneath the pulpit were literally transfixed with awe, and occasionally fell into a state of emotional collapse.

With his eye on Sarah's battered old alarm clock, ticking away on a shelf over the sink, Father Hennessy sipped his coffee and munched his toast. Precisely at 27 minutes after nine, he rose from his chair and hurried out through the kitchen door and over to the church, where he took up his stand behind the last pews.

There was no dearth of children in St. Margaret's parish, thank God; that fact could easily be verified by glancing over the congregation at this 9:30 Mass. They filled the two main aisles about two-thirds of the way down the church, ranging in age and size from the first-graders in front to the gangling and pimpled eighth-graders at the rear. At strategic points were stationed the sisters, each one so situated that her vision commanded a wide area, and she could quell any minor disturbance by a piercing glance and a shake of the head at the offender.

Father Hennessy surveyed the scene, and at that moment the bell at the

sacristy door was violently pulled, and the children all stood up amid a welter of noise compounded of knockings against the pews, the scraping of shoes on the floor, and loud coughing and clearing of throats and out came Father Hanrahan, with his biretta as usual perched on the back of his head, vested in green splendor for the Mass.

The congregation stood in something approximating silence for a moment, while the old priest went up to the altar, spread the corporal, found the Mass for the day after his customary frantic paging back and forth (Father Hennessy had left the pages carefully marked), and came down to the foot of the altar. There was another clatter of noise as 300 children knelt down. The Mass had begun.

Up at the organ Sister Benedict struck off a few preliminary chords, and the children launched into "To Jesus Heart All Burning." Listening at the back, Father Hennessy wrinkled his brow and winced. Even under the best conditions it is difficult to have 300 children sing exactly in the same key, and in the morning, before breakfast for some of them, it was clearly an impossibility. Some were high, some were low, and the smaller boys merely roared the words without any semblance of tune. Sister Benedict was a great believer in volume, and she backed up the strenuous efforts of the children by making use of several *fortissimo* stops on the organ. The combined volume of sound literally made the walls tremble.

Looking over the heads of the children, Father Hennessy noticed that one of the Sisters was in a state of some agitation, occasioned by a disturbance which seemed to emanate from a pair of eighth-grade boys, whose heads first appeared above, then bobbed beneath

the top of the pew against which they were kneeling. As he watched, he was fascinated by what seemed to be a thin wisp of smoke curling up above the pew. Wonderingly, he hastened down the aisle to the troubled area.

He was upon the offenders before they realized his approach, and quickly diagnosed the cause of the disturbance. One of the boys had a cigarette lighter, and the other a pocket comb, and apparently they had chosen this particular moment to conduct a scientific experiment in the interest of finding out whether or not the former could be made to set fire to the latter. Quite apparently it could and it did, and by the time Father Hennessy had hauled the offenders out of their places, led them to the vestibule, confiscated their playthings, delivered a few well-chosen remarks by way of admonition, and sent the boys with hanging heads back to their places, the sermon was well under way.

Father Hanrahan was speaking on devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, this being the month of the rosary, and the young priest had to admit to himself admiringly that the old boy could talk interestingly when he put his mind to it. For once he was talking with some distinctness, too; and his deep voice rumbled pleasantly through the church. As was usual with the children when they could make out what he was saying, they gave him their full attention. He was telling them a story at the moment, and Father Hennessy quickly recognized it as the well-known legend of St. Joseph's flowering rod.

"So that fine young man, Joseph," said Father Hanrahan, leaning over the pulpit confidentially, his rugged features transformed into tenderness by his inward feeling, "knelt all night in prayer before the altar of God, with

his staff before him on the floor. When morning came, the high priest came in to see how he was getting on. And as the old high priest with his long white beard came in through the door, he looked at Joseph, and then he looked at Joseph's staff, and his eyes grew big and he stood there for a moment wondering and surprised. For what do you suppose had happened?"

Here he paused dramatically for a moment, his eyes big with surprise and his hands thrown up in a gesture of wonderment. No doubt most of the children could have answered his rhetorical question, having heard the story before from one or the other of the sisters in school. But spellbound by the simplicity of his art, they cared not if they had heard the story ten times before, and all sat quietly with their eyes fixed on the speaker.

"Joseph's rod had flowered out into beautiful white lilies, much more beautiful than the flowers you see on the altar. These flowers sprang from the earth, and the earth is a sinful old place. But Joseph's lilies grew in the gardens of heaven, and there everything is a million times more beautiful than on earth. And when the high priest saw the flowers he said: 'By these pure lilies God has spoken; Joseph shall be the husband of the pure Mary.'" Father Hanrahan paused for a moment, and then proceeded to drive home his lesson.

"Now you boys and girls should present your flowers to Mary too. Maybe you can't give her the beautiful lilies that grow on earth, but you can present her with even more beautiful flowers. You can give her your love; you can prove to be her faithful children. If you do this; if you are pure and obedient and honest and good, then from your hearts will spring beautiful lilies, just as they grew on the dry wood of Joseph's

staff, and Mary will love you with the same love that she had towards good St. Joseph."

The sermon was finished, and the congregation manifested its relaxed tension by an outbreak of coughing, shuffling and squirming in the pews. Father Hennessy found to his surprise that he had been listening as closely as anyone else. It was not so much what was said, although Father Hanrahan had an imaginative and attractive way of putting things, as it was his childlike simplicity and earnestness. Never, it seemed to the assistant, is the zeal or lack of zeal in a priest more strikingly manifested than when he is preaching to children.

The action of the Mass went on, and the children, under the watchful eyes of the sisters, and amid their squirmings and shufflings, followed it in their missals. Communion time came, and they lifted up their voices in a somewhat quavering rendition of "O Lord I Am Not Worthy," while a large group of them went up to the railing to receive, and came back to their places with folded hands, like little angels. For a moment or two they knelt quietly in their places before beginning to squirm again with the restlessness of children.

Kneeling in the back, Father Hennessy was still reflecting on the pastor's sermon.

"I wonder," he thought to himself, "how many children really understood the lesson of that beautiful little story." Being a young priest, and inexperienced, he answered his own question rather cynically. "They were entertained, no question of that, but I'd be surprised if a single child here got what the pastor was driving at and applied the lesson to himself."

He listened to the rumble of the old priest's voice as he said the prayers at

the foot of the altar after Mass, and watched him disappear into the sacristy. Immediately there was action in the church. The sisters snapped their fingers and shook their heads and gave a push here and a pull there, and soon all the children were marshalled neatly by their grades into the aisles. Then the organ boomed out a single deep chord, and on that signal, the long lines genuflected, turned around, and began to move towards the exits. The sister organist let herself go in the rendition of a vigorous march which, God bless her, seemed a suitable little reflection of the grandeur and majesty of God on this His own special day.

When the church was empty of children and the scattering of adults, and Father Hennessy had dealt with the ushers on such mundane matters as the disposition of the collection, and what to do with the small box of Kleenex some worshipper with a cold in the head had left behind in one of the back pews, he stepped out into the vestibule, as was his wont, to cast a professional eye over the "Catholic Literature" table and pamphlet rack. A little mountain of nickels and pennies in the dish beside the *Sunday Visitors* looked reassuring; it looked too as if Father Lord's new pamphlet had caught the public eye; there were only a few left out of a dozen copies he had put in the rack only yesterday.

Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he caught a flash of red, and was quick enough in turning his head to see a tiny little girl in pigtails hurrying into the church through one of the side doors leading off the vestibule.

"She must have forgotten her prayer-book or something," he reflected, as he straightened out the pamphlets in the rack. But after a few moments had passed, and she did not come out, he



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grew curious, and quietly stepped back into the church.

At his first glance the little girl was nowhere to be seen, but then he caught sight of her, kneeling away up in front and off to the right; before the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She was a tiny little dot of red, almost swallowed up in the vast emptiness of the church, but she was kneeling there, very quietly, with her eyes fixed on the statue of Our Lady. After a time she arose from her knees and climbed the steps to the altar itself, for what purpose Father Hennessy could not at his distance make out. Then she quickly came down, made a quaint little bow to the altar, and then turning towards the high altar, made a genuflection. (A well-instructed little lady! thought the priest). After that her heels beat a quick tattoo upon the tiled floor as she hurried down the aisle towards the exit.

Not wishing to be seen, the young priest had withdrawn into a corner, and from this vantage point, he watched the little girl gravely take holy water, make the sign of the cross, and leave the church.

The whole scene had touched him with its simplicity, but there was still a great curiosity in his heart. Wonderingly, he made his way up the side aisle and across the front of the church to Our Lady's altar, where the little girl had knelt in prayer. There were a good many flowers on the altar, expensive ones, and tastefully arranged by the sister sacristan, so that he did not at

first notice anything different. Then suddenly he caught sight of it. A little yellow bouquet lay in the very center of the altar, dwarfed by two big baskets of lilies. The little bouquet seemed out of place, for it consisted of nothing but a few dandelions, freshly picked, and tied together with a scrap of blue ribbon.

Father Hennessy picked up the dandelions and held them in his hand. His first instinct was to take them over to the pastor.

"Father," he would say, "I'm ashamed of myself. I must confess that I wondered whether your sermon to the children would have any practical effect on them. This proves that I was wrong."

He looked up at the image of Our Lady, smiling graciously with the little Infant on her arm, and then reverently he laid the little bouquet back on the altar. The sister sacristan would find it later on, and, not understanding, would cluck her tongue indignantly as she carried it away to the dust-bin.

But it would remain there for a few hours, at least, and as to who had put it there and why—that would remain a secret among three people—the little girl, himself, and a certain lady in heaven. In her eyes, without any doubt, that little bunch of dandelions was worth more than all the other flowers in church.

Father Hennessy knelt for a moment in prayer, and when he rose to his feet, so filled was his heart with emotion that not even the prospect of Sarah's Sunday dinner of rather stringy corned beef could disturb his peace.

Some men chisel out a career—others just chisel.

Most people know how to say nothing—few know when.

Tact means making your guests feel at home when you wish they were.



## *Three Minute Instruction*

### **On Exorcism**

The word "exorcism" signifies the act of driving out or warding off evil spirits from persons, places or things that are believed to be under the influence of devils in some way. From the New Testament it is clear that devils are permitted to harass human beings in various ways; it is also clear that Christ drove them out of people and put a stop to their influence in specific cases; finally, it is clear that Christ handed over to His followers the power to overcome the influence of devils. There are three kinds of exorcism that are used in the Church.

1. Any Christian can make use of certain prayers and sacramentals designed to lessen the influence of the devils. Prayers to St. Michael are popular for this purpose, because he drove the devils out of heaven; one such prayer is said at the end of every Mass. The medal of St. Benedict is blessed with a special exorcism against the devil and may be used with faith and devotion to ward off his attacks. The sign of the Cross and the use of holy water have been accepted as powerful means of resisting diabolical advances.

2. A special exorcism is pronounced during the ceremony of baptism. Through baptism a soul is freed from the bondage of Satan which results from original sin, and is introduced into the family of God's children through sanctifying grace. Shortly before the water is poured out, therefore, an exorcism is pronounced commanding the devil to depart from the soul that is about to become a child of God and a temple of the Holy Spirit.

3. The official act of exorcism in the Catholic Church is a series of prayers and symbolic actions to be administered only by a bishop or a priest delegated by him. It is used only in cases in which there is considerable evidence that a person is actually possessed by the devil and is not merely a victim of physical or mental disease. Strict rules are to be observed in regard to it, among which are the following: 1) The exorcist should be a holy man, intelligent, courageous, and should prepare for the exorcism by prayer and fasting. 2) The exorcism should take place in a church or some other sacred place, if possible; if, through necessity, in a private home there should always be witnesses. 3) Every suggestion of superstition should be avoided, and no idle or curious questioning of the demons may be indulged in.

The official exorcism over possessed persons is not often used, because it is not often that there is sufficiently probable evidence of actual diabolic possession. But minor exorcisms, either by priest or lay people, in the form of prayers, blessings, sacramentals, may be used and should be used often, because, says St. Peter, "the devil goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

# So You Can't Spell

English-speaking students have no easy task in mastering the correct spelling of words. There is plenty of evidence that the task is so hard (and the teachers so easy) that not many can be bothered about it.

R. J. Weninger

"IMPOSSIBLE!" The professor shuddered! "What are the high schools teaching nowadays? Think of it: 181 different spellings of one man's name! And that by university students!" No, the man was not Sienkiewicz, nor Toscanini, nor Paderewski. Not even Finkelbottom. Just *Macaulay*, the great English writer. Nothing difficult about that. Yet, 237 university freshmen and sophomores managed to find 181 variant and garbled distortions!

Naturally, the university professor blames the high school education. But the high school instructor sarcastically belittles new methods of teaching spelling in the grammar schools. Of course, the frantic school teacher states bluntly that little can be expected from pupils whose I. Q. has to be written in red. And with all this, Mr. Executive clamors loudly for a reform of the entire educational system.

What makes spelling so difficult? A complete answer would lengthen to the size of a report on a Congressional filibuster. Much is due to the very make-up of the science. Then, too, history plays a part in spelling's complexity.

Spelling is the art of expressing words by their proper letters. Perfect, or phonetic, orthography has but one symbol for each sound and one sound for each symbol. Spanish and Italian approach this ideal, but in English, fundamental sounds are represented by about 500 symbols. For instance, the sound *k* is represented by *c*, *ck*, *qu*, *ch*, *x*. The symbol *s* is used for such

sounds as *sure*, *sore*, *measure*, *business*.

Before the invention of the art of printing, little attention was paid to spelling. Each writer used his ear as the sole guide; hence many words were spelled in more than one way. An illustration of this can be seen in Tyndale's translation of the Bible. This man, distinguished for talents and learning, felt no qualms in spelling the word *it* in eight different ways: *it*, *itt*, *yt*, *ytt*, *hit*, *hitt*, *hyt*, *hytt*.

Then along came two men who did much to standardize spelling. The first, Shakespeare, gave us his help only indirectly: by the excellence of his works. Evidently his ability at spelling was not outstanding. One author states that the eminent playwright spelled his own name some thirty different ways. But his guilt is lessened because, as the indefatigable Ellis tells us, he had 4,000 variant forms from which to choose. The other man, Samuel Johnson, and his dictionary (1755) contributed more than any work before or since to introduce something like consistency into English orthography.

Since the time of Johnson many efforts have been made to reform the accepted mode of spelling. Naturally most advocates aim at the more ordinary words. Of the 100,000 words in the English language, 3,000 to 5,000 are used in ordinary conversation. Few men use more than 15,000. Shakespeare used 24,000; Milton, 17,000. Exclusive of proper names, only 7,000 words are found in the Bible.

## The Liguorian

The American Philological Association took up the matter in 1875 with more than usual success. *The Chicago Tribune* backed many of their corrections and of late has been using phonetic spelling with abandon. President Theodore Roosevelt gave it its biggest impetus in 1906, when he sent a letter to the Federal Public Printer, directing him to use "in all government publications of the executive departments" the simpler spelling as enumerated by the Simplified Spelling Board. A few months later the House attached to an appropriation bill a clause providing that no part of the money should be used for printing in simplified spelling any documents printed by act of Congress. There was party trouble even in those days.

Some teachers formulated rules to guide frenzied writers. Defenseless pupils were to learn and apply such rules as:

In monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable, a final consonant after a single vowel doubles before a suffix beginning with a vowel (*s*, *k*, and *y* are never doubled) except when in the derivative the accent is thrown back from the last syllable of the primitive.

This is as useful to a child as a toothpick is to a fish.

Others formulated mnemonics or jingles to help the memory. These also proved inadequate. The most famous: "' before 'e' except after 'c'", holds only until one wants to write about a horse's *neigh*. Adapt the rule to include it. "Or when sounded as *a*, as in neighbor and weigh." Good! But what about either . . . neither?

So the difficulties mount. Ellis, one of the foremost advocates of reform, found 58,366,440 different combinations of letters which one could use to spell

"scissors"! And don't think that Mr. Ripley missed that item. A Dr. Wayland showed how *Ghoughphtheightteeau* spells potato. Doubt it? It follows the rules! *Gh* stands for *p*, as in hiccough; *ough* for *o*, as in dough; *phth* for *t*, as in phthisic; *eigh* stands for *a*, as in neighbor; *tte* stands for *t*, as in gazette; and *eau* stands for *o*, as in beau. Thus potato.

A distraught student of the English language might well have written:

Our hired man named Job  
Has got a pleasant job,  
The meadow grass to mow.  
And stow it in the mow.

At work he takes the lead;  
He does not fear cold lead,  
Nor is he moved to tears  
When he his clothing tears.

A book that he had read  
He handed me to read;  
He spends much time in reading  
When at his home in Reading.

With all the difficulty, it is no wonder that Professor Shea of Wisconsin University received a few variations in his spelling tests. In one examination, given to a mixed group of university freshmen and high school seniors, the following maimed and mangled specimens were submitted:

1. Benefited, benefitted, benifited, benifitted, benifit, benefitted, benifetted, benefiting, benifitting, benifited, benifitted, benafated, binefited.

2. Awful, awfull, auful, awfull, auwfull, awfle, awflle, affell, affull, offel, offull, offull.

3. Sieve, seive, sive, ceive, siv, seeve, scive, siev, sceve, seieve, cib, shaney, shafe.

Many people try to cover their lack

of spelling ability by tricks. One might try this subterfuge some time, a favorite expedient of a French Duchess. Says she: "You know, when I don't know how to spell a word, I always draw a line under it, and if it is spelled wrong—it pases for a very good joke; and if correct—it doesn't matter."

Or, if one prefers, one can crassly admit the deficiency by dressing up the words with question marks. Just sprinkle them about freely; the reader will get the idea.

Napoleon stated bluntly that a man occupied with public affairs could not be expected to spell correctly. "His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them; he has only time to place his points, he must put words in letters, and phrases in words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards." That statement may have been the cause of much misspelling on the part of the French nobles. Some took pains to misspell even their signatures to show that they were not subject to the rules of petty scholarship. Another statesman declared that he spelled like a gentleman, not like a scholar.

Has the weary student any excuse? One author destroys the most common one. Numerous scientific investigations, he says, have established the fact that spelling can be taught to any normal individual, for no special disability exists. It is his theory that poor spell-

ing results from a careless attitude towards spelling, a failure to enunciate and to pronounce by syllables, and the failure of the school to teach mastery in spelling.

This much is definitely sure: English spelling appeals more to the eye than to the ear. That is why the following method is practical for all.

1. Look at the word. Look at it hard.
2. Pronounce it.
3. Spell it aloud from the book, a dozen times.
4. Write it neatly, using book, twenty-five times.
5. Compose a sentence which contains it.
6. Repeat it.
7. Repeat it.
8. Repeat it.
9. When a doubt arises, use a dictionary.

The only real solution is, therefore, hard work, an element that is not given too much attention in most modern education. It is true that now and then a genius appears who cannot spell very well, and whose defect is overlooked because of his other qualities. But for the majority of poor spellers who have gone through at least twelve grades of school, this defect merely indicates slovenliness of mind, shallowness of knowledge, and fitness only for such jobs as selling vacuum cleaners or driving brewery trucks.

### *On the Disadvantage of Teaching in a Public School*

The teachers in our public schools  
May not appeal to God's ten rules;

They must correct a child that's vicious  
By telling it of the school board's wishes.

LGM

## Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

### Secret Company-keeping

*Problem:* Is it wrong to continue to see a certain boy secretly when your parents have forbidden you to go out with him? I am 21 years old and my father is quite wealthy. The boy I have been going with comes from an ordinary family and he is working his way through business college, hoping to obtain a good job when he finishes. My mother and father argue that he will probably never be able to provide for me as they have done all my life so far. That is why they have forbidden me to see him. But I think I am in love with him, and I don't care if we do have to live on a small income after he graduates. Of course I wouldn't marry him until then, but if I don't see him in the meantime once in a while I shall probably lose him. I've been having lunch with him now and then when I've gone shopping, and I want to continue to do so.

*Solution:* Even though you are 21, with some right to decide your own vocation in life, there is a presumption in favor of the wisdom of your parents' requests and commands. That presumption will yield only to clear indications that they are unreasonably interfering with the happiness of your future and the will of God for you.

On the side of the wisdom of your parents is the fact that ordinarily it is not easy for a girl who has had all the conveniences and luxuries that wealth can provide to adjust her mode of living to a much lower standard. Nor, ordinarily, can a girl be very happy if, in order to marry, she has had to incur the displeasure and lasting opposition of her family, especially if she has had a pleasant and easy life with her family.

Only if a girl has a strong, spiritual character, a proven capacity for mortification and sacrifice, and a great earnestness about her task in life, should she consider a marriage that will mean giving up much that she is accustomed to. Since it is pretty hard for you to judge whether you have all these qualities, I suggest that you obey your parents to this extent: tell the boy of your parents' wishes and commands; tell him that in obedience to them you will not see him for three months; during the three months test yourself, by rather rigorous mortification, to learn how many of the luxuries of your home you can do without; and at the same time try to convince your parents, in all kindness, that they should permit you to see the boy at least once in a while, on condition that you will make no decision to marry him without talking it over thoroughly with them.

# East versus West

Samples of the arguments that relax the mind, while away pleasant hours, and seal friendships, so long as everybody agrees that they are concerned with trifles.

*E. F. Miller*

DURING THE years '43, '44 and '45, while engaged in a war in Europe, I had as close companions three gentlemen, one a doctor (orthopedics) from Leominster, Massachusetts, the second a priest (diocesan) from Worcester, Massachusetts, and the third an accountant and mathematical expert (Manhattan College) from the Bronx, New York. They were excellent and exemplary men, filled with pride in their respective civilian professions and consumed with the zeal that generally follows on a healthy and sound respect for the worthiness of the work to which they have dedicated their lives. (At the moment they were on a forced vacation from that work.)

The two men from Massachusetts were ample in girth, red in face and short in stature, which characteristics were undoubtedly the result of accident and not the consequences of having come from the neighborhood of Boston. The man from New York was tall and thin, with a fine wave in his hair which I am convinced was an endowment of nature and not of art. Although it was seldom that all members of the party agreed on any given subject that came up for discussion (saving, of course, the defined doctrines of the Church), still there was an undercurrent of harmony amongst us that the thousands and thousands of words that fell from our lips could not successfully conceal.

We agreed that war was in the main a great foolishness no matter what the

books in school said about Napoleon and Alexander and Julius Caesar. We agreed that many of the graduates of our state universities who, because of their many years in class rooms, had become officers, were poor specimens of educated men. We agreed that army rations, while certainly nourishing and full of vitamins, did not constitute the kind of food that one would order in a restaurant if one's choice were free. We even agreed to disagree. And this last pact we carried out most faithfully.

The main source of our argumentativeness lay in the fact that geographically speaking we were a party divided against itself. While my companions had their native seat along the eastern coast of the United States, I was a rank outsider in that I hailed from the region, little known to the original thirteen colonies, between Detroit and Denver. In fact at that time I claimed as my home Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Who, east of the Alleghenies, knows anything about Milwaukee except that it is a place of fine brews and that it is situated in the general area of the Great Lakes? Not a single one of my friends had ever been near Milwaukee. Thus I would not have been surprised if I had heard them associating the city with wigwams and teepees; and I would not have been shocked if I had come upon them searching my luggage for a hidden tomahawk or a feathered headgear. The west to them was a vast area, some of it wilderness, beyond Pittsburgh. What went on behind the iron curtain



of forest and dusty plain was unknown and mysterious.

On the other hand I was not too well acquainted with their part of the country, having visited New York and Boston on various occasions, it is true, but never having remained long enough in either city to evaluate the differences in mode of life from other parts of the country. Thus it took us almost the whole period of our tour of duty to clear the ground, as it were; to clarify the state of the question, to straighten out each other on the facts before we dared begin to argue on the relative merits of the east coast and the middle west.

First, we had to settle the question of accent. Why is it that people in one part of the country speak with a different accent from the people of another part of the country? My friends had a most evident allergy against the pronunciation of the letter "r". If we were talking about a park, they would call it a pak, or better still, a pawk, instead of the rightful park. My point of contention was that the originators of the language had put the letter "r" in the alphabet for a sound reason, and that therefore all those who treated it like a poor relative, as though it had no standing on the tongues of men, were discriminating against that which was innocent of any crime. Besides, they were making the English language difficult beyond measure.

If there are eight or nine distinct ways of saying the "ou" in English, such as *though* and *through* and *thought* and *drought*, etc., and if on top of that, all "r's" are dropped as though they did not exist, why, the French and Germans and Belgians and Russians might very easily conclude that the English language is impossible and refuse to make so much as an effort to master it.

And not mastering the English language, they would fail in mastering the traits and peculiar features of English-speaking peoples. Thus, the refusal to pronounce the letter "r" could quite simply lead to greater world complications than we have now. Foreigners would say, "They are insincere; they don't mean what they say. Look! They put an 'r' in their words and then they don't acknowledge it. If a man places a bet at Monte Carlo, he is expected to pay when he loses even though he doesn't feel like it. By the same token if a man places an 'r' in a word, he is expected to pronounce it even though it might be much easier to let it go. Otherwise that man is trying to hide something."

But skipping "r's" can lead to confusion even amongst our own countrymen. Suppose an easterner were to come to Chicago and ask the first policeman he met whether it were permitted to carry arms. Having been indoctrinated by the moving pictures and magazine articles on the dangers of walking down a street in Chicago alone and unprotected, he might be afraid to leave his hotel room unless he had a gun in his pocket, ready for instant use in case gangsters should fall upon him. But in putting the question to the policeman he pronounces the word arms, "ahms." The policeman thinks that he is referring to alms. Knowing of no statute on the books at the moment which forbids people to carry alms about with them if they so desire, he cheerfully tells the stranger that it is perfectly all right. The easterner immediately goes to the nearest pawn shop and invests in a large revolver. The next thing that happens is, the gun goes off in his pocket and severs a toe from his right foot; or he shoots a Red Cross worker who wants only a donation but whom he



thinks to be a hoodlum seeking to relieve him of his purse. Newspapers carry headlines; jail doors open and close; court sessions are held. And all this happens because of a dislike for "r's."

Now, in Milwaukee the people hold no grudge against this letter anymore than they hold a grudge against persons. They hit it squarely on the head whenever it holds a rightful place in a word. They are proud of it. They even go to the extent of exaggerating at times in their excessive rolling of "r's." This is not good either, for it is an old axiom that *virtus stat in medio*, which means that virtue follows the middle path and avoids all extremes. We believe that "r" has as much right as any other letter to be pronounced; but no more right. Most of us carry that belief into our speech. And that is exactly what I told my confreres of the war. Of course, my companions did not agree with me.

When we exhausted ourselves on the question of accent, we quite naturally fell into a discussion on the relative merits of the different sections of the country from which we came. We knew that it was extremely foolish to say that one part of the country is better or worse than another part. All parts, to our way of thinking, at least insofar as cities are concerned, are pretty much of a pattern. They have the same garish and extravagantly ornate movie theatres; they have the same type of private home, the elaborate and expensively appointed home of the wealthy in the bourgeois section, and the uninspired and standardized home of the laborer in the proletarian section; and they have the same depressing slums with their potted streets, their junky alleys and their teetering, filthy tenements.

If American cities have any distinc-

tion at all, they have the distinction of a uniformity that is built on an utter lack of imagination, on a widespread disregard for the architecturally beautiful, on a too common willingness on the part of the people to be satisfied with anything as a home provided it has a roof and four walls. Our cities, we felt, are characterized by an aesthetic sterility that makes large areas of them homely to the eye and unsoothing to the spirit. All this is due, of course, to the mania of many people for money and mechanics. They are willing to sacrifice the beautiful for the automobile, forgetting indeed that if their home was built with taste and imagination, their souls would be sufficiently fed with that which, like the miraculous bread, would increase in nourishment as the years went by, and stifle the restless and unhealthy appetite to find pleasure and happiness in the automobile and the theatre and the factory instead of in the home.

Having reached this common conclusion, we launched into a very prolonged and illogical defense of our own particular section of the country. It was not our reason that spoke. If a man likes one city better than another, it is generally because he was born there and because his relatives and friends are still there. Or it is because his memories of boyhood have given to the city tints and fragrances that objectively it does not possess. He realizes this fact when he returns to the site of his birth and boyhood after a long absence. It seems to have acquired an entirely different appearance, and that, not for the better either.

Nevertheless, I held out against the assertion of my opponents that the large cities of the east are superior, on the score that there are too many people in them. People are all right in them-

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selves, for God made them. And what God made is good. But they should be scattered more than they are in the tremendous metropolises. I quoted the example of transportation in New York. At five o'clock in the evening one takes one's life in one's hands if one desires to ride a subway train. The train comes thundering out of the darkness and stops at the platform. Almost before it stops a veritable multitude of men and women is forging forward for the doors. Some make it and some do not. Those who do make it are crowded into the cars as though they were the proverbial sardines. As it is in the subway trains, so it is in the stores, the theatres, even on the streets. There is certainly something abnormal about that.

My friends answered me by saying that crowds are good for the soul. They used the family as the example for the bulwark of their argument. It is the experience of every man (they said) who has even the most meagre power of observation that large families are better for the training of children than small families. Selfishness and laziness, the twin diseases of childhood, have little chance to develop if a house is full of children. Each child must do his share of work or perish with the rest. Each child must be considerate of the other or find himself on the outside when favors are dispensed. Nor can there be pampering or petting on the part of the parents if there are eight or twelve children to be pampered and petted. Thus, each child learns charity

and independence, both of which acquirements will help him in his later life.

Now, cannot the same application be made to cities? Where there are immense crowds, there has to be charity. Where there are hundreds of people attacking a bargain counter, all at the same time, there has to be a highly-developed ability to take care of oneself. Surely these are virtues worthy of development, especially in a democracy. If the large city develops them, who can say that the large city is not a blessed place in which to live. (The atom bomb had not as yet been heard of when this argument was going on.)

This argument like the other went on and on, and no conclusion was arrived at that was satisfactory to all parties. It was a pleasant way to try to forget the unpleasantness of the business in which we were engaged, by which I mean the war. During most of the years that we spent overseas, words constituted our only recreation. We used them unsparingly. And even though we used them foolishly on many occasions (witness the above), they did us good. My friends have gone back to their civilian occupations now and have undoubtedly forgotten about the many days we spent together when we talked about nothing—at least nothing important. I wonder if they argue with their patients and penitents and their clients. I don't think so. In a few years they fulfilled a life-time of argument. Now they are content to rest.

## The Eternal Cycle

A man  
His wife  
Hard biscuits  
Hard words  
Cuss words

Black eye  
Tears  
Apologies  
Kisses . . .  
Hard biscuits.  
—Sheridan Tower.

# I Hate My Job!

One of the "signs of the times" is the frequent repetition of the title of this article. If you have ever said it, you need these thoughts.

*M. J. Huber*

EVERY YEAR on the first Monday in September the wheels of industry and business are at a standstill. It's Labor Day; the day when nobody works,—except the men and women who just cannot be excused from work, like railroad workers, public utility employees, police and firemen, and a few others, including mama who must cook the meals and prepare and pack the picnic lunch and papa who must practically lift the family car over and across the traffic jams on the holiday highways.

Amongst those not excused from work on Labor Day we list also the doctors and hospital staffs who find themselves somewhat more than ordinarily busy before, during and after the holiday because of the several hundred deaths resulting from traffic accidents, drownings and such — to say nothing of the many more injury cases that are brought to hospitals and doctors for treatment or care.

This picture of bloody bodies and broken bones, which is always forcefully spread out on the front page of the newspaper over the holiday, could easily lead a person who is given to drawing conclusions, to remark: "It would have been better for all these dead and injured and their families, too, if they had never had a holiday at all." But as in so many things, it is not the holiday that is the cause of these deaths and injuries. The holiday is only the occasion for their occurrence, and certainly that is no reason to condemn the holiday which is labor's day.

Although Labor Day is a day of tribute to all who work and an extra day of rest, still few are the workers who experience anything like consciousness of a tribute on Labor Day; and in the estimation of almost all of them, the fact that it is a holiday simply saves it from being "just another Monday." Will it be any easier to go back to work on Tuesday after Labor Day? It's true that the week will be a four-day week; 32 hours out of a total of 168 hours in the week. But it may be that many a worker will go back to his job after Labor Day with the feeling that a 32-hour week might be a good idea for every week.

A 32-hour week, however, would be just another contributing factor to the ever-spreading desire to get away from work; it would help to spread a bit more the regrettable present-day aversion and disgust for work.

But is it true that such a thing exists: an aversion and disgust for work? Yes, of course. Not only among the laboring classes; but it is infecting more and more members of the human race, whether they are employees or employers, laborers or professional men, shopkeepers or clerks, office workers or executives. To put it pointedly: more and more men and women are beginning to say, if not in words, then at least by their attitude towards work: "I hate my job!"

●  
About thirty years ago Pope Benedict XV stated that disgust for work was

one of the scourges of our times. When the Holy Father makes a pronouncement like that it is safe to say that he knows what he is talking about. Further, the statement that disgust for work is one of the scourges of our times is still true today, but not in the sense that people refuse to work or that they are lazy or inactive. The fact that heart attacks and nervous disorders are becoming more and more common proves that people are not just lying in bed all day or sitting in easy chairs twiddling their thumbs. They are rushing pell-mell from this to that in greater haste and confusion than ever before. Day after day they are going to work in crowds. Even now, because indications point to a rising wave of unemployment, wage-earners are beginning to worry about holding their jobs and fearing the day when they will be forced to go from place to place looking for work, begging for a job. Then how can it be said that disgust for work is one of the plagues or curses of our times when everybody is so busy, busy, busy?

Yes, there are some people who work without apparently ever experiencing anything like disgust for work. They keep the same pace always, crowding hours and hours of work into every day. Like blind persons they go along securely on an oft-travelled path. They work in order to work. If only the day's work is done, everything is fine. They are zealous, ardent in their work and they go zooming along their speedy way; but they do not know where they are going. There is no destination on their time table; not even a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They are definitely interested in work; they grasp at any outlet that leads to activity. It is a joy to see them buzz around. Anything like a feeling of disgust for work, while it may hang around the fringes

occasionally, is brushed off by the flying arms and kicked out of the way by the flying feet. Every day they get all steamed up and go along as faithfully as a locomotive pulling a long and heavy train of cars. So long as nothing gets in their way, they roll along like a machine on a chain, in a great big circle, or a small one, all day long, from morning to night. They work because they like to work. Why? It's their dish and they do it justice. So they may go on until they die—with their hand on the throttle.

But they never realize that their zest for work may be only a surrender to a selfish inclination; they are never conscious of the fact that because of their fussing and fuming, they may often be a source of irritation to others. And if anyone interferes with their work or their way of doing things, they may, until their fit of childish pouting wears off, stop working altogether.

There are others who work just as much and as steadily as the persons just described; but they work not just for the sake of working or to please themselves but because they have a goal in view,—a purpose to fulfill.

An accountant who works regularly every day may spend several hours three nights a week attending classes in a school of commerce and finance so that he may advance in position and salary. At the same time he uses his spare hours in building an addition to his home, bit by bit. Somewhere in that schedule he finds time to develop a formula for a waterless hand cleanser and to manufacture and market his product. Would you say that there is anything like disgust for work evident in his life? What is his purpose? To provide for the present and the future for his family and himself the things he believes they should have. Five children in the family,

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and perhaps more later, are looking to him for a sound beginning for their lives, and he intends to insure that beginning and even more by providing for them not only necessities but a reasonable amount of the desirable things in life. But I wonder if he doesn't have his moments when all this striving and working becomes distasteful if not disgusting, not because he doesn't like to work, but because it doesn't seem to be getting him anywhere, at least not so fast as he would like, or because he suspects that he is making mistakes in the way that he is going at the problem, or because he feels that the cards are stacked against him.

Even the executive or owner of a business may spend long hours at his desk every day. People may think he has a soft time in life, sitting at a desk and giving orders and raking in his profits. Still, who but he can tell of the hours and days and nights of worry and planning that he spends in the solitude of his aloneness. He must drive himself to keep up the pace he has set so far; drive himself and the whole business to set a better pace next year; to keep standards high; to meet competition; to hold up the company reputation. Doesn't he have a family which, like other families, seems to demand more from him the more it gets in the way of money, clothes, luxuries, homes, travel, social position and the leisure to enjoy all these things? Do you find it difficult to think of this man letting thoughts of getting away from the desk and the rush and roar of it all, thoughts of extended vacations, thoughts of needed recreation and relaxation take hold of him? And if he goes through this grind week after week for years would you be surprised if he became bitter towards his workers, his family, the government and himself? Would

you be shocked if some day he became filled with disgust for it all and said in the bitterness of his soul: "I hate my job"?

But think of the millions of workers who hold a job simply because they have to work in order to live. Now you are really looking at a crowd. Out of bed early enough in the morning, after late hours the night before, jammed in buses and streetcars on the way to work and back home again; hours of work in factory, store or office; cold, impersonal, artificial, almost slavish rendering of service for so much a week; the small but oft-repeated and maddening stinging pain of the faults and failings of employer and fellow-workers; physical exhaustion, nervous strain, financial worry; and the thought coming back again and again that this will go on for years and years; aren't all these enough to make these workers say, at least once in a while: "I hate my job"?

If you have ever found yourself saying, "I hate my job"; or if even now you are discontented and unhappy and perhaps even disgusted with your work, it's time to do a little thinking.

In the plan God made for man's life here on earth no place was reserved for a life without work of some kind. God's will is that every human being should engage in some activity which requires the use of the powers and abilities which He has given, whether those powers employed be powers of soul or of body. There just isn't any room in God's plan for an idle, easy, lazy, inactive or workless life. When Adam was placed in the garden, he was given the duty of taking care of the garden. "And the Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it." It was not penance;

it was a duty. It was work; but at the same time it was a pleasure and a joy. When Adam committed sin, among many other things that happened was this: work became a penance and a burden. "Because thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread."

Our father Adam took it in stride. He worked for many long hundreds of years in a spirit of penance for sin. But he did not forget that work also meant a fulfillment of God's plan; that it was a way of worshipping and serving God. But it did not take too many centuries for wayward, selfish human beings to forget to look up to work in this way; rather, they looked down upon work as something degrading.

Our Lord came down and showed us by personal example that work must be a part of life. He worked as a carpenter for many years; worked with His hands and heart and head; for surely He did not look upon His work as merely cutting wood and driving nails for a price agreed upon. He was serving others by providing the products of the carpenter's trade to be used by others in their own work and for their convenience and comfort.

Even if men and women today would build only on this one thought, that God's plan for us calls for work and that with His help they can learn to love their work, there would be much less disgust for work than there is in the world today.

It cannot be denied that there are many things to discourage such an attitude towards work. Existing conditions in the world of work are enough in themselves to take the joy out of work,

to say nothing of taking the joy out of life. Let Pope Pius XI say a word on this point: "Bodily labor, which was decreed by Providence for the good of man's body and soul even after original sin, is too often changed into an instrument of strange perversion: for dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded."

There was a time when a man could take honest pride in his work and put his heart and soul into it without too much effort, because he was making something by himself for himself or for somebody else to use. Shoes, watches, clothes, furniture, carriages, were the product of a man's hands, and his personality was reflected in them because his personality was put into them. Some men are still doing that. But where is the opportunity for such pride and interest and injection of personality into the product of labor when work means drilling the same set of holes in the same place on the body of an automobile hour after hour, day after day; or punching plugs into a telephone switchboard and saying, "Good morning!" over and over until it's time to say, "Good afternoon!"; or pounding the keys of a typewriter to write letters that reflect the personality of someone else? But bad as this may sound, there still is the opportunity to try to drill those holes with precision, in the spirit of giving service to fellowmen according to God's plan; to say "Good morning" to the person at the other end of the wire with true Christian politeness and meaning; to type those letters neatly and correctly; for even in this way you can put your personality into your daily work, monotonous as that work may be.

The spirit of the times does not foster a love for work; on the contrary it plants



the seeds and waters the growth of a disgust for work. If men pay less attention to God's ideas about things in the world in general, it is to be expected that they will not pay attention to God's ideas about work; or try to get them into their heads. They will see only the unpleasant side of work; the burden of it; and they will never think of or look for all the advantages and blessings of doing honest work and doing it well. If people allow themselves to be consumed more and more by the mad desire for amusement, fun and good times, as people in our day are doing, then work will be looked upon only as something that takes away your freedom and cuts into your time for having fun. Everybody is entitled to recreation, vacation, rest, enjoyment; but, honestly, is it according to God's plan that men and women should "kill" as much time as is being murdered today in having what people call fun? Balance the hours that are spent in work against the hours that are being spent in recreation, fun, card playing, seeing shows, or just sitting, or even in sleeping too much, or perhaps just dawdling. Is there anything like the balance God intended there should be?

People know they must work if they want to live. It's the law of God. But they don't like to admit it. They are trying to handle this problem of work in the manner in which the modern under-

taker has trained them to face and handle the problem of death. People used to die and the undertaker would take care of the corpse and at the burial the casket would be lowered very simply and unaffectedly down into the grave, while the family and relatives watched and wept honestly and were impressed by the undeniable fact of death. And now? Well, you know how it's done now. It's supposed to make things easier for the family and relatives and friends. But is it the better way to face and handle the fact of death?

And what is the better way to look at and react to the fact of the necessity of work in our lives? Break your head in trying to find ways to keep it down to a minimum? Escape it? Dodge it? Do it poorly? Cut corners? Crowd it out of life as much as possible?

Or is it better: calmly to face the fact that work must have a place in the life of every human being, according to God's plan; to be convinced that we cannot be honestly happy without work, and that we cannot be happy without doing good work; and that some of our happiest moments in life are those we spend in doing work we are not obliged to do and for which we are not paid?

A person who has learned to see and face these facts and who tries to live accordingly can never say with real meaning: "I hate my job."

### *Wonder-Full*

There is a store in Denver, Colorado, called "Bob's Swap Shop," one glance into which reveals that it deals in just everything under the sun. Painted on its window is the following sign:

The Store of the Three Wonders

1. You wonder if I have it.
2. I wonder where it's at.
3. Everybody wonders how I find it.





## *For Wives and Husbands Only*

*D. F. Miller*

*Problem:* For some time I have been trying to get my husband to take a cure for alcoholism, or at least to join Alcoholics Anonymous. He knows that his periodic drunkenness is ruining our home and that, if it continues, I won't consent to live with him much longer. We have such awful quarrels when he has been drinking that it is having a terrible effect on the children, to say nothing of my nerves. However, I seem to have no success in getting him to a doctor or into Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm ready to give up on him.

*Solution:* We shall not say that your task is going to be easy in any circumstances, but we do say that you have been going about it in exactly the wrong way up to now. It is doubtful that even taking one of the medical cures for alcoholism would effect a lasting reform in your husband if you did not adopt a different attitude toward the whole problem.

Your frequent quarrels with your husband, which are no doubt abetted by a certain amount of nagging between his drinking bouts, create an atmosphere from which he will continue to seek escape in the only way he knows, by drinking himself into stupor. If you look carefully into the past, you may find that even before he became a liquor addict, you were quarrelling with him and nagging at times. We do not condone your husband's weakness; when the habit was first forming he very probably could have easily brought it under control if he had used his will power and the grace of God. But it is good for a wife to face the fact that perhaps he was not the only one at fault. And no matter who was at fault in the beginning, it must be realized that a confirmed alcoholic can be salvaged from ruin only by sympathy, understanding and love.

If you really want him to be cured, begin by resisting every tendency to quarrel with him or nag at him now. Don't keep battering at him to take a cure or to join Alcoholics Anonymous. Instead, get acquainted with somebody in that organization and ask that one of its members, preferably a friend of your husband, take an interest in his case. Spiritualize your own life, by more prayer and frequent reception of the sacraments, and offer up all your prayers for patience for yourself and for a complete cure, if necessary by miracle, for your husband.

# Holy Water in a Public School

The following narrative is true. It is a story of how a conscientious Catholic teacher carried her faith as far as possible into a public school. So far neither the Supreme Court nor the proponents of secularism have caught up with her.

*D. J. Corrigan*

IN ONE of the moderately large cities of the North there is a public school teacher named Mary. As teachers go, she is still quite young in her profession, and still too enthusiastic about guiding her charges to do just her job in the classroom and draw her pay check. Mary probably has never read much about the McCollum decision or thought much about the vaunted secularism of our politically controlled public schools. It merely happens that she is a Catholic of staunch Irish ancestry and when she has her sixth-graders before her, she sees not only their bodies and minds, but their souls as well.

As fifth graders the year before, this particular class of boys and girls had been the despair of principal and teachers. But during the past year Mary had somehow been able to turn the trick of making them fairly respectable citizens. Some time ago her superintendent stopped at her desk and complimented her on the discipline of her group. When he asked her how she had accomplished this miracle, she simply replied:

"It's a deep, dark secret."

"We would really like to know," persisted the official.

"Well, if you really want to know," answered Mary, "I'll tell you." Then opening the drawer of her desk, she continued, "See that bottle? That contains holy water."

The superintendent smiled. "I don't care how you do it, just so you keep

those youngsters under control."

Later I was to ask her: "How much holy water did you use?"

"About a quart a week," was her reply. "Each Monday morning I would stop at the rectory on my way to school and Father would have it ready for me."

Mary brought the car she was driving to a stop at a red light.

"I was really scared last September," she continued, "when I got that class. There were three particular imps in it that no one had been able to control. So the day before school was to open I took some scotch tape and pasted three pictures of our Lady of Perpetual Help face up under their chairs. That did the job until the janitor found them."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he is of the Dutch Reformed religion, and he tore them up. Then he came to me and blamed the kids for putting them there. So I just let the kids take the blame. That's when I thought of the holy water. It wouldn't show. Each morning I sprinkled the desks of all the children with it and when one wouldn't behave, I would call him up to the front, reach down and moisten my fingers and flick it on him. It worked. During the year I must have scattered enough holy water around that room to drive out a thousand devils."

To this day the youngsters do not know that they have been so generously sprinkled with holy water.

I began to ponder. Holy water in a public school! At first, the idea seemed

preposterous, comical. What a mockery of the sacred principle of separation of church and state! To safeguard that principle, Myron Taylor's mission to the Vatican had to be protested, bus and health service had to be forbidden to Catholic children, released time from public school hours for a mite of religious instruction had to be banned! What a wave of indignation would rock this country should it become commonly known that somewhere in a single classroom a single teacher was using holy water in a public school.

Yet, on second thought, what more appropriate place for holy water than a public school class room! Catholics use holy water, but they receive a lot more important spiritual help from the Mass and sacraments. The little folk in a public school, however, good-willed though they may be, do not have much to guide or strengthen them in a moral or religious way.

Then this morning I blessed holy water. I could not but think of Mary and her youngsters as I read the ritual, beginning with the exorcism and blessing of the salt that is used in holy water:

I exorcise thee, creature of salt, by the living God, by the true God, by the Holy God, by that God who ordered thee put by Eliseus the prophet into the water, that the barrenness of the water might be healed; that thou mayest become exorcised salt for the salvation of those that believe; and that thou mayest be for the healing of soul and body to all those receiving thee, and *that there may be banished from the place in which thou hast been sprinkled every kind of hallucination and wickedness, or wile of devilish deceit, and every unclean spirit*, adjured in the name of Him who will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by

fire. Amen.

*Let us pray:*

O Almighty and eternal God, we humbly implore Thine infinite mercy, that this creature of salt which Thou hast bestowed for the use of mankind may be blessed, and sanctified through Thy mercy, that it may make for health of mind and body to all who partake it; and *that whatsoever is touched or sprinkled may be freed from all uncleanness, and from all the assaults of the evil spirit . . .*

Then over the water:

I exorcise thee, creature of water, in the name of God the Father Almighty, and in the name of Jesus Christ His Son our Lord, and in the power of the Holy Spirit, that thou may be made exorcised water for the banishment of every power of the enemy, and that thou mayest be able to uproot and cast out that enemy himself, together with his rebel angels . . .

*Let us pray:*

O God, Who for the salvation of mankind hast appointed water to be the foundation of Thy greatest Sacraments, graciously hear our prayers, and fill this element which has in manifold ways been purified, with Thy power and blessing: so that this creature of Thine, for use in Thy mysteries, may be endowed with divine grace to drive away devils and to cast out diseases: *that whatever in the houses or possessions of the faithful may be sprinkled by this water may be freed from everything unclean and delivered from what is hurtful*. Let no spirit of pestilence or baleful breath abide therein; let all the snares of the enemy that lieth in wait be driven forth; and *let everything that threatens the safety or peace of the dwellers therein be banished by the sprinkling of this water . . .*

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Finally over the blessed water:

*Let us pray:*

O God, the giver of invincible strength and King of irresistible power, ever wonderful in triumph, Who holdest in check the power of the enemy, Who overcomest the fury of raging enemies, Who by Thy might gainest victory over all guile; we humbly pray Thee and beseech Thee, O Lord, to look upon this creature of salt and water, to bless it in Thy mercy and to hallow it with the dew of Thy loving kindness: *that wheresoever it shall be sprinkled and Thy Holy Name shall be invoked in prayer, every assault of the unclean spirit may be baffled, all fear of the venomous serpent cast out, and the presence of the Holy Spirit everywhere vouchsafed to us who entreat Thy mercy.*

Wonderful prayers, I reflected, and why shouldn't they be efficacious when the water thus blessed was used with faith and devotion?

But we had better let Mary get on with her story:

"The biggest trouble-maker of all was a lad named Jimmie. And naturally Jimmie got most of the holy water. He was a bright boy, but his mother was drinking most of the time and he came to school looking like a tramp. He got his studies easily and had too much time to spare. So after a while I gave him the job of helping me correct papers and he began to get interested in school. He also began to clean up and be neat in his appearance.

"We made Jimmie treasurer of the class. He was very careful of the money. The youngsters saved their nickels and dimes so that we could make a trip to the State capitol. I was afraid of what might happen on that journey. So I told him to bring the money to me and without his knowing it I put all the

coins in the holy water. Then just before we were to start I called him up and gave it back to him to be distributed to the crowd. 'Gosh,' he said, 'it's all wet.' Well, once more it worked. We did not have any trouble on the trip."

"Did you have any Catholics in the class?" I asked.

"Yes, there were six, but they did not go to Mass or the sacraments. I did my best to get them to go, but their parents were no good. There was little David. After I talked to him, he wanted to go but got a scolding from his mother for going to confession on Saturday afternoon. The boy had a real conflict in his mind. He wanted to do what I advised him, but was afraid of his parents. It was hopeless to get him to go to Mass on Sundays, but I permitted him to come late to school on First Fridays after he received Holy Communion.

"The girls in the class were away ahead of their years. They came to school in shirts and jeans and with the coming of warm weather they started to come in shorts. But I put a stop to that. They tinted their finger nails and painted their lips. Most of their talk was of permanents, the Hit Parade and dates. Wasn't that something for sixth-graders? But the boys were not much interested in them, or in any girls, for that matter.

"On the trip to the Capitol I noticed one of the girls eyeing David for quite some time. Finally she went up to him, put her arms around him and gave him a big kiss. When I told her that she should not do such things, she said: 'Teacher, I couldn't help it.' With a look of disgust on his face David remarked: 'That sure was gooeey.'

"From that time on I used a lot of holy water on the girls. One day I heard one of them remark: 'She's like

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a stork; only she doesn't drop babies, she drops water.' "

Come Christmas, and Mary decided that there was no use celebrating the Birthday of Christ unless she brought the Christ Child into the class room, even in a public school. So she got permission to reenact the Nativity scene, in pageant form. As she was giving out the parts, she told Jimmie:

"You are going to be an angel."

"No," said the boy.

"Jimmie," declared his teacher. "You have to do as you are told. You are to be an angel."

"No," stubbornly insisted the little fellow. "I'll be a devil."

So Jimmie persisted all day.

Two days before Christmas the pageant was held. In the presence of parents and friends, it was considered a grand success. One of the most fervent of all the young actors, in spotless white gown and wings, with his hands devoutly

folded, was none other than Jimmie. Holy water, with its blessing and exorcism and the prayers of Mary, had rooted out his desire to be "a devil".

Towards the end of the school year Jimmie became more tight-fisted with the class money. No one, not even the teacher, could find out what he was going to do with it. Then on the last day of class, Jimmie stepped up in front of the others and with a pretty little speech in the name of the class presented his teacher with a beautiful corsage.

Mary decided that the year had been a success.

But tragedy, at the last moment, was to strike. They were all out on a picnic and to quell a near riot, Mary had to call the police. It was then that she had found, in the excitement of getting sandwiches and soda together, she had forgotten to bring along a bottle of holy water.

## *Advice for Public School Children*

O all you little boys and girls  
Now starting out to school,  
Permit me to advise you on  
A most important rule:

In class you'll study many things,  
(And some are rather odd)  
But you must never ask or speak  
Of God.

LGM

## *Much Better Joke*

"Golly, but you're homely!" the little son said to the visiting lady.

The horrified mother remonstrated with him.

"I only meant it for a joke," said the boy.

"Well," said the embarrassed mother, "how much better a joke it would have been if you had said to her: 'How pretty you are!' "

—Capper's Farmer.

# Readers Retort

Readers are cordially invited to express disagreement with or corrections for articles or items published in *The Liguorian*. The letters below prove that the touch of a critic may be heavy or light.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"In your June issue you have a list of 'Beatitudes for Brides'. You certainly must have a hatred for women and wives to write such bosh. You must be of the opinion that women are either supernatural creatures or just plain fools. Before I would live up to anything like that I would prefer to be dead. And believe me, any wife who does live up to your 'beatitudes' is in heaven; there is nobody who can do it on earth. . . . Why don't you write a few beatitudes for men? I can give you a few to start with: 'Don't lie. Don't be drunk half the time. Don't leave all correction and punishment of the children to the mother so that they look on her as the big bad wolf. Don't blame your wife to cover up your own doings. Don't belittle your wife. Don't give something to your wife and then throw it up to her for years.' . . . I have been married twice so I know what I am talking about."

Mrs. A. B.

*This is pretty bitter advice from an experienced and disillusioned two-time wife. One wonders how she was trapped a second time. Apparently she did not read the advice to fathers in the same issue of THE LIGUORIAN. We assure her of two things: that not even two husbands make a good sampling of all husbands, and that trying to observe the beatitudes that were set down for brides is the obligation of Christians and the only way to happiness. Our correspondent does not seem to be very happy.*

*The editors.*

Sheboygan, Wis.

"Kindly cancel my subscription to your magazine. I regret to say that I do not believe some of the articles appearing in it are fit to appear in any home—Catholic or Protestant. I wonder, in particular, if the writer of the article entitled 'Dramatizing the Figures', which appeared in the May issue, would prefer the economic system and all that goes with it which prevails in Czechoslovakia today."

W. R.

*The pointed paragraph mentioned was a rather mild piece, we thought, stating that the much dramatized figures of how much wage money unions lose by strikes are not nearly so important as the right or wrong of the strikes themselves, just as the losses caused by lay-offs, seldom publicized, may also point to a right or wrong somewhere. If that sort of thing makes THE LIGUORIAN unfit for American homes, then there is no room in America for discussion of social problems, and democracy is dead.*

*The editors.*

Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I am not renewing my subscription to *THE LIGUORIAN* because it is too much in favor of labor. Give the white collar worker a break. The man that invests his money and has the brains to run a good business deserves the financial reward. He has all the worry and grief and deserves a return on that too. The Taft-Hartley law should not be changed to suit a few Communists. The Church wants the money from the business man so the priests can own beautiful Cadillacs, have gorgeous homes, etc. etc."

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*We don't quite get it. We are too much in favor of labor, says our critic, yet we want the business man's money, so we can buy a Cadillac, etc. Why shouldn't we forget the working man, then, and build up the business man for a better take? The truth is uncomplicated: we want to save the souls of both the business man and the working man and will ride in a wheelbarrow, if necessary, to do it.*

*The editors.*

North East, Pa.

"Permit me to make the following remarks regarding 'A Saint Marches' in the July LIGUORIAN. The pointed paragraph says: 'When there was great danger that the Communists would win the election last year, the people of the town in Italy where the body of St. Gerard Majella was buried decided to take the saint's body from its resting place and carry it to all the surrounding towns on a pilgrimage of prayer . . .' Now, unless more bones of the saint have been discovered and all put together to make a body, there is no body of the saint extant. When, some time ago, I visited Materdomini (Caposele) where the bones of St. Gerard were exposed for public veneration, there was no 'body' but only some of the bones and these in a glass casket . . . The article referred to is, therefore, misleading. It refers to the place where the saint 'is buried', but he is no

longer buried, and officially there is no 'body'."

Fr. P. B.

*What the people carried in procession was no doubt the casket, with the saint's remaining bones. (The popularity of St. Gerard as the Mothers' Saint has caused a great demand for his relics, which accounts for the fact that there is so little of his body remaining.) The cause of accuracy is well served by the above explanation.*

*The editors.*

Helena, Mont.

"After reading twenty pages of your July issue, I again feel urged to write and thank you for the magazine. I guess I feel that if I take it for granted it may disappear as so many other good things have in this day and age . . . I think THE LIGUORIAN is the finest magazine I have ever read, with no qualifications. It's the only one I've been able to read from cover to cover without feeling that the reader's intelligence was insulted. . . . All I can say is that THE LIGUORIAN is necessary and I intend to see that as many people as I can tell will know about it."

G. J. S.

*Letters like this often come just at the right time, for instance, after a series like the first three printed above. We aim, humbly, at living up to them.*

*The editors.*

## Good Rules Still

*Rules from a seventeenth century book of etiquette:*

A guest must not lick his fingers or wipe them on the bread.

A guest must not try to eat soup with his fork.

Do not return meat to a dish after smelling it.

A guest should not delouse himself in company; nor should he snuff the candle in his fingers.

He must not pocket the fruit at dessert, nor put a second piece of food into his mouth before having swallowed the first.

Do not on any account clutch your plate as though you feared someone would snatch it from you.



# From Behind the Bar

Taverns are places which, by their very nature, bring out the dramas in human lives. Most often, of course, they are sordid dramas.

*L. F. Hyland*

BILL BOLAND had a good chance to study human nature. He had been studying it for years. He saw life, he often said, in the raw. For Bill Boland was a bartender in a neighborhood tavern.

Bill himself never drank anything stronger than ginger ale. In fact, when he had accepted this job during the depression because he couldn't find anything else to do, he had taken a pledge that as long as he remained at it he would never drink even so much as a short beer. As time wore on he grew more and more grateful for his pledge. He even felt it wasn't doing him much good because experience had made him so morally allergic to alcohol that he never felt the slightest tug of inclination towards it.

He did a lot of thinking behind the bar. He got so that even when there were a dozen standing customers ordering drinks, and parties at all four of the little tables that lined the far wall, he could still see and reflect on the little dramas unfolding in the lives of those who just wanted "a couple of shots" or "three or four beers". He did his best to help those involved in the dramas, but he never felt that he accomplished much . . . On a typical night in August, these were some of his "cases".

Old "Pop" Jenkins slipped through the door of the tavern in his usual furtive way. Joe knew Pop's habits so well that he could have described beforehand the routine he would follow, even down to the last gesture that accom-

panied his pleading for another drink.

Pop never sought out nor encouraged companionship with other drinkers in the tavern. He would select a place at the bar as far away from other patrons as possible, or, sometimes, if business was not very brisk, he would sit down at one of the tables. Then he would order "a shot" and a beer, would throw "the shot" down and then seem moodily to commune with his beer glass between sips. Twice, three times, he would repeat the same order and the same process of drinking.

After the second combination drink, Pop would begin to talk to Joe. Joe knew his secret sorrow and wished he could do something about it. For Pop had a wonderful family, an efficient, highly respected, virtuous wife and five fine children. The latter took prizes in school, had good manners and morals, were liked all about the neighborhood. Pop himself was known to everybody by his familiar nickname, was obviously devoted to his family and was popular with everybody's kids. Nobody but Joe knew that the canker in Pop's bosom was the fact that his wonderful wife seemed to consider him a failure.

This night, after the second glass of beer, Pop said to Joe, in his usual low, guttural voice, that he tried to aim at Joe's ears alone:

"Another of the same, Joe."

"This is the last, Pop," said Joe.

"The little woman has been at me again," said Pop, clearly in self-defense for his drinking.

"You're just sensitive, Pop," said Joe.

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"You shouldn't pay any attention to what she says."

"Hah!" said Pop, without any mirth.

"Pay no attention, you say. When she tells me, I never did make her or the kids a decent living?"

"She doesn't mean that, Pop. I'd bet anything that if I asked her about it she'd say she didn't mean a word of it."

"Well, then, why does she say it so often?" He sipped his beer morosely. "A failure, that's all she thinks I am. Why haven't I got a raise in five years? Why haven't we got any money in the bank? Why do the boys have to work after school? The answer is me."

"But you're not a failure, Pop. Everybody around here thinks you have the finest family in the world. What more could you ask for?"

Pop's thinking shifted gears. "That's because of the wife," he said. "She's a wonderful woman. Best wife a man ever had. Just too good for me, I guess. If it weren't for her I'd be nothing but a bum. Gimme one more of the same, Joe."

"Not another drop, Pop. You go home and tell your wife how wonderful she is. Go home and tell her you'll quit drinking entirely, that you'll stay out of here for good. I bet you haven't said anything nice to her in years. That's why she doesn't say anything nice to you."

"You think so, Joe?"

"I sure do."

Pop shook his head and ambled out of the tavern.

Joe wished he had the courage to call on Mrs. Jenkins and tell her what wonders a few words of encouragement might do for Pop.

Two young teen-age couples came roaring into the tavern. None of them could have been more than sixteen.

Joe recognized one of the girls. She was Mary Ann Murphy, and Joe knew her father slightly.

There was an empty table and the four kids sat down. One of the boys began to drum loudly on the plastic table top with a spoon that had been left there. The other was telling a loud story of how he had outraced a cop in his jalopy.

Joe went around the bar and stood by the table.

"Four beers," said the drummer.

Joe shook his head. "Not here," he said. "We don't serve anything to minors."

The jalopy-owner looked brashly at Joe.

"Quit your kiddin'," he said. "We're all 21." Obviously he meant Joe to see the wink he gave his companions.

"Maybe 21 months," said Joe. "Not much more in sense."

"Say, listen," said the drummer. "Who do you think you are? There are a hundred joints in this town where we can get all the beer we want, and anything else we want, too. We're staying till we get some beer."

Joe was sad. The girl he didn't know was urging on her companions, and snickering at their brazen sallies. But Mary Ann Murphy looked shy, scared, unhappy. Poor kid, thought Joe. Probably her first experience with a crowd like this.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Joe, his two hundred pounds adding emphasis to his words. "I'll give you just thirty seconds to clear out of here. If you're not gone by then, I'll do two things. First, I'll throw you two lugs out bodily. Then I'll call the cops, and Miss Murphy here will probably furnish them with all your names. Got it?"

The boys shuffled to their feet, and the jalopy-owner said: "Aw, nuts. We

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know plenty of places. Let's go, gang."

Joe thought he saw Mary Ann Murphy look pleadingly at him, as if she would have loved to escape from her companions and throw herself on his protection.

"Come on, Murph," said one of the boys, as she lagged behind.

"Murph" went.

Joe shook his head as he looked after her. It was pretty tough to see a young girl just breaking into a league like this. He wondered how she'd end . . . He wished he had the courage to tell her father a few things . . .



"That woman" was standing at the bar again. Joe found himself wishing fervently for the thousandth time that they had never let women into places like this. You could throw a man out, but what could you do with a woman?

Especially a woman like this, whose story Joe knew so well. He knew, without even knowing what the word "psychiatry" meant, the psychological fact that this woman did not come to the tavern primarily to drink. She came to see men, to be among men, to try to prove to herself that she could attract men.

It was all because the man she had loved and married and lived with for ten years had turned out to be what she liked to call "a rat." Had broken up her home and gone off with another woman. Had inflicted the unforgiveable blow of making her feel unwanted, unattractive, unnecessary to anybody. All she really wanted was to wipe out the stigma left by that blow.

She drank gin, mostly, because somebody had told her it wasn't so strong as other liquors, and she didn't like the taste of beer. She was always coiffured and painted up. Even at forty she could look attractive. Only she didn't

realize what a couple of gin drinks did to her appearance, nor what the habit of taking them was doing to her character. When her eyes roved over the line-up of men at the bar, Joe could see the just barely concealed disgust that most of his regular patrons felt under her eyes.

Knowing all this, Joe had carried on a kind of campaign to save her from her own folly. He managed, often by a kind of trickery that was sheer genius, to prevent anybody from picking up with her at his bar. Part of his success was due to the fact that, in a spirit of supreme sacrifice and patience, he would talk to her whenever he felt that there was any hope of helping her.

The conversation would go like this:

"Joe, who is that handsome fellow down at the end of the bar? I never saw him here before."

"He's a new salesman, Marge. He's leaving for New York in an hour. Hands off . . . Listen, why don't you quit this life and settle down to something?"

"Don't make me laugh. What've I got to settle down to? I wish I'd had five or six kids when I had the chance. I didn't have any because I thought 'that rat' would be enough to keep me happy all my life. What a goof I was."

"Yes, and you're making yourself more goofy."

"Don't I know it?"

"And I know what you need, if only you'd have sense enough to see it yourself."

"Yes, I know. Go back to church. Funny how I don't mind your saying that to me. Wouldn't take it from anybody else. But you're a good guy, Joe. Maybe you got something there. I wish—"

"All I say is that you should go up and call on Father Kelly. Tell him all about your life and how miserable you

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feel. I'll bet anything he will set you straight and make you feel like somebody."

"You've been a kind of Father confessor to me, Joe. What more do I need?"

"A lot more than I can give. You go up to Father Kelly and just listen to what he has to say and maybe I'll never see you standing at this bar and asking for gin again."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Like it? I'd love it."

"Maybe, some day, Joe. Give me another Martini."

"Nope. Go on home and think about what I said."

A man and his wife came into the tavern, their arms filled with bundles. They had been coming in on this one day, at this time, for quite some weeks. They ordered beer, and while the wife sipped one glass without ever reaching the bottom, he had two glasses, once in a while three. He was clearly a man who worked hard with his hands. Anybody could see how deeply he enjoyed these two or three glasses of beer.

There was a story here too, Joe knew. He didn't think that even the husband suspected what the story was. It was

a story of heroism, and Joe loved to watch it.

Only by his experienced and sympathetic eyes could it possibly have been detected that the wife did not like coming into the tavern and that she had no taste for the beer. She chatted pleasantly with her husband. She even commented to Joe on how good the cold beer tasted. She always ordered the second glass for her husband, and sometimes suggested the third. They were never in the tavern more than ten or fifteen minutes.

Joe knew that this was the man's payday. That his wife always met him and went shopping with him. That she managed the financial affairs for the family. And that the one thing he loved, almost as a symbol of his independence and freedom as he handed over his check, was to stop on this day and have some beer.

And his wife, despite an ingrained and strong dislike of taverns and all they stood for, was great-souled enough to overcome and hide her feelings and to make her husband think she enjoyed the beer almost as much as he.

"What a woman!" thought Joe. "And what a lucky man!"

## *Ladies First*

A somewhat scandalous case was being tried in a French law court, and a vast crowd of the curious was on hand, anxious to hear every word of the testimony that would be produced.

But the judge had different ideas.

"Probably the people here," he announced, "are not aware of the nature of the case we are about to try. I feel it incumbent on me to request all respectable women to withdraw."

No one made a move. The judge then said:

"Now that all the respectable women have left, the sergeant will forcibly eject all those who remain."

## The Scourge of God

How a victorious and barbarian invader was turned back from the richest conquest of all by a simple request of a holy man.

*H. J. O'Connell*

IN THE fifth century after Christ, there appeared out of the vast, mysterious regions of Asia a strange and terrible race, called the Huns. This nomadic people had its origins in the extensive, barren country north of the Great Wall of China. As a result of the pressure of enemies, or the desire to capture the soft, rich cities of Europe, they moved steadily westward, first setting up a powerful kingdom in the lands bordering the Volga, and then pouring like a destructive flood into the territory of the Roman Empire, already tottering to its fall.

For a time, it seemed that nothing could stop their onward march, and that the whole of civilization would perish before them. The Huns were born warriors, inured by their pastoral life to the hardships of marching and campaign. They were skilful horsemen, so much so that the legend grew that they ate and slept on their shaggy Siberian ponies. Hunting had made them expert with bow and lance. Even their appearance struck terror into the hearts of those who beheld them. According to descriptions, the Huns were misshapen of form, with flat noses, and small eyes, deeply buried in the head. Their voices were shrill, their gestures uncouth, and from constant riding they walked awkwardly on the earth. Such was their warlike spirit that the men esteemed it a disgrace to die of sickness or old age. Their glory was a death on the field of battle, with heaps of enemy

slain around them.

At the time of their appearance on the borders of Rome, their leader was Attila, who prided himself in the title "the Scourge of God." By his genius for organization, and the renown of his military exploits, he had gathered the once scattered nation of the Huns into a single, mighty kingdom. His territory extended from the Volga to the Danube, and from Persia to the Northern Sea. At his command, he had an army of close to seven hundred thousand warriors. It is no wonder, then, that the great barbarian nations of the Goths and Vandals were driven before him, or that the whole of Europe trembled at the thunder of his approaching horsemen, riding from the East.

The ancient Empire of Rome was then divided into two sections, the Empire of the East under Theodosius, and the Empire of the West under the weak Valentinian. Attila first invaded the East, and forced the proud Romans there to pay him tribute. He then looked to the rich lands beyond the Rhine, and led his great host across Germany into France. Like a destructive plague of locusts, the Huns left ruin wherever they passed. Cities were destroyed, churches burned, the inhabitants massacred or carried into slavery. Even vineyards and orchards were razed to the ground. So complete was the destruction, that, it is said, a horse could run without stumbling over the ruins of fair cities. Attila used to boast that

the grass never grew again where his horse had trod.

As Attila threw his wild warriors around the great city of Orleans, all Europe, driven by fear, forgot its quarrels, and marshalled against him. The Romans under the great military leader, Aetius, the Visigoths under Theodoric and his sons, the Saxons, Burgundians, Alani, Franks, and other tribes united in one tremendous army, and marched to the relief of Orleans.

Already the Huns had taken the suburbs, and were battering at the gates. It seemed only a matter of time until the proud city would be leveled to the ground. All the able-bodied inhabitants took their weapons and mounted guard upon the walls. The rest lay prostrate in prayer within the churches. Twice the holy bishop, Anianus, sent a messenger to scan the horizon to see if help was on the way. Twice he returned with the report that he could see nothing. The third time he announced that a cloud of dust was visible far away. "It is the aid of God!" the bishop cried. "It is the aid of God," the people took up the shout. Gradually, the serried ranks of the army of Aetius and Theodoric came into view, banners whipping in the wind, the sun glancing from lance and sword.

At the appearance of the relieving force, the wily Attila withdrew from the city, and awaited the allies on the great plains of Chalons, where his swift horsemen could have free play. On a summer day in 451, the mighty hosts joined battle. Attila and his Huns occupied the center of their line, with the nations he had subjected to his empire on either side. Opposing him, the Alani, who were of doubtful faith, were in the center, where they could be watched. Aetius commanded the left and Theodoric the right. Torismond, son of Theodoric,

had managed to take possession of a hill which flanked the Hunnish force, a fact which proved decisive in the struggle. At the first charge, the Huns drove through the center of the allied army, and wheeling, turned on the Goths. Theodoric was killed by a javelin, and it almost seemed that Attila had won the day, when Torismond and his men poured down from the height, and took the Huns upon the flank and rear. Terrible was the conflict—so terrible that at the close of the day 200,000 dead lay on the field. The Huns were at last forced to retreat, and withdraw into the circle of wagons that formed their camp.

The allied forces, although victorious, were so sorely hurt that they could not renew the attack. Attila was allowed to retreat back to Germany with his army still intact.

The following spring, he took to the field again, and turned the course of his march toward Italy. Crossing the Alps, his troops fell on the northern Italian cities, leaving a wake of horror and destruction. Aquileia, once numbered among the richest and most populous cities of the Adriatic, was so completely destroyed that its ruins could scarcely be found in the next generation. Padua, Vincenza, Verona, Milan, Pavia, Turin, and Modena either opened their gates, and submitted without resistance to the pillage of their treasures, or met the same fate as Aquileia. It is interesting to note that the birth of the great city of Venice was the result of the flight of the Italians at this time to the numerous islands off the coast.

As Attila turned southward, the timid Emperor Valentinian fled from Ravenna to Rome, whence he planned an escape to the East. Aetius, the Roman general, deprived of the help of the allies who had aided him at Chalons, was unable to meet the barbarians in the field.



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There seemed to be no human power that could prevent the Huns from capturing the Eternal City.

In this crisis, the great Pope, Leo I, offered to go himself as ambassador, in a desperate attempt to persuade Attila to spare Rome. It demanded no little courage to place oneself voluntarily in the power of that implacable monarch, whose deeds of cruelty had struck terror into the heart of the world. But Leo was not the man to think of self when the welfare of his flock, and the very existence of Christendom, was at stake.

Accompanied by a delegation of noble Romans, and armed with the fullest powers to treat with the barbarian leader, the Pope journeyed northward, and entered the camp of the Huns near Mantua, at the confluence of the Mincio and the Po. Attila, flattered to have this "greatest of all the priests" come to him, received Leo and his companions with respect and honor.

Unfortunately, the exact words spoken at this historic meeting have not come down to us. Leo was a man of renowned eloquence, and he must have chosen carefully the phrases to be used, realizing how much depended upon them. No doubt, he began, as is the custom of diplomats the world over, by acknowledging the greatness and power of the leader of the Huns, the broad extent of his kingdom, and the renown he had gained by his military exploits. Very likely, then, he went on to say that this power and renown would grow all the greater in the eyes of the world if he would receive the submission of Rome, the greatest city in all the earth. Its marble palaces and ancient monuments, if left standing, would be forever a memorial of his greatness. Graciously, he offered the rich tribute that the Romans were prepared to pay for the ransom of their city. Nor, in view of

Leo's strong and resolute character, is it unlikely that he, in a respectful but forceful way, threatened the Hunnish leader with the wrath of God if he should destroy the sacred city of Rome. Attila, like all pagans, was superstitious, and no doubt, the venerable appearance of the Pontiff, robed in the splendor of his vestments, as well as his eloquent words, made an impression on the Hun.

There is an ancient legend that, as Leo was speaking to Attila, there appeared beside the Pope two priests of supernatural and majestic aspect, the Apostles Peter and Paul, who menaced the king with death if he did not obey. Whether this legend be true or not, at any rate, Attila, to the surprise of everyone, acceded to the Pope's request, and consented to spare Rome. He withdrew his army from Italy to the region of the Danube. Not long afterwards, he died, and his kingdom, divided among his numerous sons, ceased to be a menace to Europe.

On his return to Rome, Leo received a triumphant welcome from the people, being hailed with the title: "Savior of Italy and of the world." Indeed, the consequences of his heroic action were of the greatest importance for the history of Europe. Had Attila ravaged the whole of Italy, and leveled the city of Rome, it would have meant the end of Roman culture, and been an almost irreparable blow to the progress of civilization and of Christianity. As it was, out of the event new lustre was shed upon the Papacy, and a path opened for the exercise of its salutary influence upon the development of Europe. In the midst of falling empires and the overthrow of the institutions of ages past, the Throne of Peter proved to be, in accordance with Christ's promise, the one stable and unchanging force in a disturbed and changing world.



## *Character Test (77)*

*L. M. Merrill*

### **On Severity**

There are two kinds of severity that may mar the characters of those who hold any kind of authority over others. The first is severity of manner, and the second is severity in the demands made on those who are subject to them.

While severity of manner in dealing with inferiors may be largely a matter of temperament, it is nevertheless a trait that can be modified by the virtue of charity. If left unchecked, it will manifest itself in aloofness, lack of feeling and sympathy, sternness of manner, sharpness of voice in giving orders, and insistence at all times on every minute form that respect for authority can take. With severity of manner in ruling others there will usually go proneness to anger and quick punishment in the face of even slight disobediences. Mothers and fathers must be especially on guard against severity of manner toward their children, because it is so important that they win, not merely obedience from their children, but love and confidence as well.

Severity in the demands made on subjects is present when a superior is unreasonable or imprudent in what he commands. This may be relative, as when a superior demands of all subjects an amount of work or a kind of work that only the most exceptional and gifted person could do. Or it may be excessive in the sense that no human being could be expected to do all that is commanded. Of course, it must be remembered that there is a tendency in human nature to consider all orders too severe, and there will always be efforts on the part of subjects to convince superiors that they are too severe. But with ample discount made for this weakness, there is still such a thing as over-severity to which people who hold authority are prone.

Over-severity on the part of parents, school-teachers, employers, religious superiors, etc., can do a great amount of harm. It can hurt the characters of those subject to it, as rigorous parents and teachers often leave lifelong scars on the characters of children. It can also lessen and destroy respect for authority, which is so necessary in the world. Superiors who tend toward over-severity must seek to develop a strong spiritual sense of charity and sympathy, i. e., a desire to help and not hurt those who are subject to them.

# In Defense of Capitalists

This explanation is inspired by much of the correspondence that comes to our desk. It might also be entitled "In Defense of Ourselves."

D. F. Miller

IF YOU write anything in favor of labor unions, or about living wages, or about the need of better planning (not by the state) within the economic system in the United States, it is almost certain that unwarranted conclusions will be drawn concerning your attitude toward capitalists, great and small. It will be taken for granted, in many of the letters you receive, that you want nothing so much as to destroy the capitalist class entirely; to level all incomes to a flat and uninspiring equality; to hand the direction and management of business over to labor unions; even to establish a kind of socialism in the world.

Such extreme interpretations of the least suggestions toward social and economic reform effectively choke off all honest and worthwhile discussion. They make it appear that one must be for capitalists and all their methods, or against capitalists and all their methods; they leave no middle ground or modified platform on which one can stand. They also assume that by suggesting reforms one is deliberately accusing all capitalists of being selfish, avaricious and unjust.

As one who has frequently published material stressing certain principles of economic justice, the rights of labor and reforms for business, the writer would like to prove how little this means that he is inimical to capitalists in general, or blind to their rights, or unsympathetic to their problems, or suspicious of their integrity. Social and economic problems are human prob-

lems, and human beings are complex entities, so complex that the Lord himself forbade men ever to judge their neighbors.

It is possible, therefore we maintain, to argue for certain reforms in the capitalistic system as it operates at present, without making any blanket accusations against any specific owner, employer or manager of a business. In fact, a bare outline of the position of those who promote reforms, following the intellectual leadership of the Popes who have written on these matters, makes it possible to set down many points "in defense of capitalists."

I.

To begin with, most employers, whether owners or actual managers of business, would agree with the following broad statement:

*There are certain facts about the present operation of the capitalistic system that indicate clearly a need of corrections and reforms.*

For example, there are economic areas in America in which people have to live on mere subsistence incomes. There are, to take the worst example, share-croppers in the south who barely keep alive, and that with the poorest possible homes, food, medical care, etc. There are business enterprises in the north that have never been able to pay wages that would make for decent living in frugal comfort. We realize that in many industries labor does receive a fair wage, when there is work for it

to do. The fact remains that in some business ventures it does not, and this surely calls for correction and reform.

For a second example, even where good wages may be paid, there is the bugbear of insecurity for workingmen. This means that they cannot be sure of their jobs the year round; economic conditions may put them out of work for long periods of time. We have talked to many employers but never to one who did not deplore this fact and wish that it were not so.

For a third example, there is a tendency in the present system toward centralization and concentration of economic wealth and power that chokes fair competition, makes possible price-fixing and economic domination, that destroys small business initiative, that brings undue influence to bear on legislators, that makes tens of thousands of workers dependent on the production demands of a single commodity. The Popes have stressed such huge financial monopolies as one of the greatest evils of the capitalistic system, and dozens of writers on social problems have pointed out how completely they come to dominate human lives and even nations. Power tends to corrupt, according to a famous saying, and that is true whether it be state power or economic power.

We do not think that any sincere capitalist will cavil with the statement that there is room for correction and reform in the present American capitalistic system.

2.

A second conviction of those who look over the broad field of economic relations in America may be stated as follows:

*There are certain moral principles, which, if applied to the evils that are*

*admittedly present in the current economic system, would lessen and even destroy the evils.*

Some of those principles are the following:

1) Every human being who works for a living has a right to a living wage. This is because a human person is a child of God destined for heaven, and a member of the human family to which God bequeathed the material goods of the earth in such a way that each one is to receive enough to make it easy for him to work out his eternal destiny. What constitutes a living wage may be argued, but the principle cannot be denied. A living wage includes two elements: enough to live on as a free, intelligent and spiritual human being, and security, i. e. some assurance of not being suddenly denied enough to live on.

2) Workingmen have a right to organize in order to be able effectively to present their case for living wages and security to employers. The Popes have stated this as a natural right. They have given it equal importance with the right of employers to organize as they do. This right is not destroyed by the fact that some groups of organized labor have been guilty of evil deeds, nor even by the fact that some labor unions have been thoroughly iniquitous. The proper exercise of the right of workingmen to organize has already corrected some of the evident evils that arose in the capitalistic system.

3) The ideal toward which all who are interested in a peaceful and prosperous society should work is concerted thought and action, or cooperation between capital, labor and the consuming public for the welfare of all.

It is not desirable that the state should try to legislate all the details of a sound and just economic order; the

ideal thing is that as many of these details as possible be taken care of by industry itself. It is the office of the state to do for its citizens those necessary things only which they cannot do for themselves. If there are abuses in the economic system that are doing harm to the general welfare and that industry itself seems incapable of or unwilling to eliminate, then the state has the duty to do something about them. Thus, if industry itself does not eliminate child labor, the legislative authority should. If industry does nothing to avoid or cushion unemployment, or to prevent depressions, civil authority should, because of the terrible and widespread suffering these things cause. However, it is still true that the ideal thing would be for industry itself, not government, to meet these problems and solve them.

Cooperation between capitalists and their laborers does not mean that labor is to take over the management of business; it does mean that labor's interests should be represented in the planning of business operation.

Cooperation does not mean that owners and managers of business are to be deprived of a special return on the risks they take and the brainwork they put into their business; it only means that their greater returns should not be at the expense of living wages for their labor.

Cooperation does not mean that all profits of a business should be divided up equally between employers and employees; it does suggest that labor should enjoy the reward of some of the extra profits that may be made.

The ideal of cooperation is opposed to domination and domineering on the part of owners and managers. It is opposed to the idea that there must be sparring and conniving and battling be-

tween capital and labor. It is opposed to paternalism, whereby an owner makes his own will, no matter how beneficent it may be, the sole judge of what is good or necessary for his workers. Above all, it is opposed to the practice of letting the blind forces of supply and demand rule over the labor market and the commodity market, with resulting cycles of boom and depression.

3.

A third point that needs to be stated emphatically is this:

*To argue in behalf of principles like the above does not constitute an accusation against any individual capitalist, not even a capitalist who disagrees with some of the principles or their application.*

No one should write on problems of social and economic justice who does not realize the many factors that make the position of the capitalist a very difficult one. No such writer should be unaware of the economic and psychological circumstances that may explain the position that a given capitalist maintains, to the exclusion of bad will or moral evil.

For example, there is this hard fact facing capitalists in highly competitive, non-monopoly businesses: Wages and prices are interrelated; there is a point beyond which wages cannot be raised without a raise in prices. But a man who is in a competitive business cannot raise his prices much above those of his competitors without running himself out of business. Thus he will come to think, when somebody writes a glowing article on the importance of living wages for all workers, that the writer is trying to ruin his business, because he can do nothing about it without being ruined.

But that is just why the Popes always insist on industry-wide councils or planning groups. He recognizes the predicament of the lone business man who may be concerned about better wages for his men but can do nothing about it till others in the same field are willing to do something themselves. So, too, the writer on the problem of living wages: he is not condemning the individual capitalist, but hoping that he can inspire all capitalists to think rightly and act in concert on the problem of living wages.

But even where some capitalists directly disagree with one who sets down a principle as necessary to effect needed reforms, their disagreement is not taken as a sign of moral depravity or intellectual ignorance. Circumstances may make it difficult for them to see things differently than they do.

For example, we set it down as a moral principle that workingmen have a right to organize and bargain collectively, and as a practical fact that the exercise of this right has bettered conditions in the social order. But here is a business man who has consistently had unfortunate experiences with unions in his particular line: the only ones he has ever seen in operation had unprincipled leaders; they were subject to bribes, ready to sell out their men for a price, willing to destroy a business to further their own selfish ends. It would be hard to blame a business man who has had only such experiences for thinking that there is scarcely any good at all in labor organizations. One need not give up the moral principle, nor the effort to promote good unionism, to understand the position of a man who has never seen a good union in operation, and who has suffered a great deal from the bad.

For a second example, it is not too

difficult to understand the point of view of a man who has founded a business of his own, run it conscientiously, but in his own way, for forty or fifty years, and who is now embittered over the suggestion that he should sit down and bargain with his men or their representatives in a union. This man has worked hard all his life; he took all the risks; he was good to his employees; he made only a moderate fortune. Now, suddenly, a union tries to organize his men, or comes to him and tells him what he must do. He will say that there is nothing a union can possibly do for his men that he himself won't do, and do without demanding dues. He will say that after forty years of running his business he is not going to be dictated to by a union, etc., etc. It is hard to blame him. He has not had time to read much about the broader issues of social justice. He has never permitted any of his own men to suffer want. He has never seen much of workingmen in want, trying to raise families on low wages, looking for work in times of depression, etc. His forty years of experience have built up a psychological resistance to change that cannot be broken down by the statement: "Your workingmen have a right to organize and bargain collectively."

An understanding of these and many other complicating circumstances of social problems does not lessen—rather it enhances—one's duty of speaking out boldly for the correction of abuses and the reform of evils in the economic system.

One may understand that rich men are conscientiously trying to use their riches well, and still warn them, as Christ did, that there are great dangers in the possession of wealth.

One may understand why owners and



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employers in business resist change, mistrust unions, and dislike having to consult with their employees or outside union representatives about wages, hours, etc., and still know that there will be no solution of social problems until all employers recognize the fact that cooperation, and whatever modification of their authority that implies, becomes the rule between all employers

and employees.

In short, one can see and sympathize with the problems of those who are dependent on profits for a living, and not forget those who are dependent on wages, that can fall with a falling market, that can be cut off by a breath of depression, and that, at their best, do not leave them very far from the edge of want.

## Gone to Waste

Under a picture of Labrador's Grand Falls (a most stupendous tumbling and crashing of water) in the *National Geographic Magazine* is the title: "Beauty and Millions of Horsepower Go to Waste in a Wilderness."

What does the author mean, "go to waste?" People can still go out and see the waterfall, if they want to, and be inspired by its splendor and its size. And it is quite certain that people can be led more easily to behold in its massiveness the shadow of the massiveness of God than they would be if it were surrounded by chimneys belching forth smoke and mazes of wires carrying electricity.

Electricity is wonderful and only a very small child would deny that it is wonderful. At the same time only a simpleton would say that everything that is capable of producing electricity and does not produce electricity is wasted. The stars are not wasted even though they could produce a million times more power than a most titanic waterfall; and yet the stars produce nothing more powerful than a twinkle on a clear night.

It is such a sentence as the glib writer in the *National Geographic* put under his picture that makes the artist as well as the philosopher wince. The artist and the philosopher are all for power. Power is good in its place. But what does the record say about humanity's progress since the harnessing of power through the chaining of waterfalls, the building of factories and the illumining of cities?

Are people any happier? Are they closer to the golden age when wars are no longer on the agenda of things to be done by and in every generation? It is not as it should be. But it seems that the more the powers of nature are harnessed, the more people engage in warfare, in discrimination and in divorcing themselves from God. Let the Labrador Grand Falls be. It is not being wasted. The angels are enjoying it. And through its thunder and its frightening volume glory is being given to God.

Of course, the author did not mean to say what his words clearly imply. If that is true, he should not be allowed to write titles. He should go back to school.



## Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

### The Fruits of Illness

Many illnesses that men are made to endure are but temporary trials. They may be severe while they last, and may give rise to thoughts and even fears of death, but in due course, nature, assisted by the ministrations of a doctor, fights its way back toward good health once more. And in the quiet and peaceful days of convalescence, the patient should give much thought to making sure that his illness will bear the valuable fruit for which it was designed in the providence of God.

Illness should make and keep one *humble*. Humility is nothing but the recognition that we are in the hands of God, that He can do with us what He will, that it is our own great task to use our free will and the means of grace He provided to remain His friends. Of the fact that we are in God's hands, a man who has been seriously ill has a dramatic object-lesson, a lasting memorial. God could have permitted his illness to end in death, to cripple him for life, to handicap him in any one of a hundred ways. God can permit him to be stricken with illness again, whenever He will. This thought should inspire the determination, in a convalescing person, never to try to get along without God, never to forget his own dependence, and always to be ready to accept God's will in every event over which he has no control.

Illness should make one *grateful* to God. It is so true as to be a platitude that human beings realize the greatness of God's ordinary gifts to them only when they are taken away. One from whom health has been taken for a while should be inspired to deepest gratitude for its return, and to daily prayers of thanksgiving for all the good things that have ever been given to him by God.

Illness should make one more *spiritual-minded* than he was before. A man learns in illness that health is a precarious thing—too precarious a thing on which to build his hopes and dreams of happiness. Far more stable and satisfying are the spiritual values that can be made objects of pursuit. A man who has attained to some degree of holiness has something that no material circumstance can take from him. Emerging from illness, therefore, every man should be more concerned about holiness as a goal than ever before.

# Christ and the Legion of Devils

An often misunderstood Gospel story is clarified, and the power of Christ revealed in a new setting.

*R. J. Miller*

WHEN Our Lord took St. Peter and the other Apostles with Him in a boat eastward across Lake Genesareth towards the land of the Gerasenes, the Apostles probably viewed the expedition with some distaste. Their fishing journeyings up and down the lake had made them well acquainted with this land of the Gerasenes, and judging by the clues given us in the Gospel, to them it meant a country of outsiders or Gentiles, a land of swine, of raving maniacs, of devils, and even of ghosts. Not a very pleasant place for good Jews to visit, or even for plain, peace-loving human beings!

That the Gerasenes were Gentiles is evident enough (even if we did not have the record of history for the fact) from what the Gospel says the Apostles found, among other things, once they had landed there on this occasion with Our Lord:

a great herd of swine feeding . . . about two thousand.

To the Apostles, good Jews that they were, the spectacle of these odious swine had probably been a matter of offence many a time in the past. From their fishing boats on the lake they had been able to see the animals grazing on the eastern promontories and headlands of the lake and, so to say, flaunting their presence in the face of Galilee and Judea across the water.

And considering moreover how dif-

ficult the good Lord had found it during the centuries to keep the Jewish people faithful to the observance of His law, it may very well be that the hog merchants among the Gerasenes found it quite unnecessary to confine their business operations to customers among the Gentiles. The land of the Jews was only a few hours' night journey across the lake, thus making the opportunities for black market operations a matter of the greatest ease. St. Peter himself, as he was to protest later in the Acts of the Apostles, had "never eaten anything that was common or unclean." But precisely because of his fidelity to the Law, the spectacle of such underhand violation of the Law was calculated to make him look upon the Gerasenes with marked dislike and distaste.

Then too, he and the other Apostles knew about the wild men who roamed about the hillsides and threatened travelers along the highway in that country. Rumor had it that there were two of these maniacs, although one of them was the more active and fierce of the two. The authorities of the locality had tried their best to put this madman into confinement, but

no man could bind him, even with chains; for having been often bound with fetters and chains, he had burst the chains and broken the fetters to pieces; and no one could tame him. And he wore no clothes and lived in no house, but was always in

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the cemetery and on the hillsides, crying and cutting himself with stones; exceeding fierce, so that none could pass by that way.

People even said that the two of them were possessed by the devil. And the fact that they made the cemetery their favorite haunt, and no doubt were often heard and dimly seen by night, flitting to and fro among the tombstones with their wild howling, easily gave rise to the superstitious belief that ghosts were haunting the cemetery (as some of the Fathers of the Church indicate in their commentaries on this section of the Gospel).

Such was the situation into which Our Lord was taking the Apostles when they boarded their boat and crossed the lake for the land of the Gerasenes. Small wonder if the Apostles viewed the project with apprehension!

Once landed, it was not long before their fears seemed on the point of actually being realized. As they made their way up the road past the cemetery, sure enough the wild man came bounding out of his hiding place, and yelling fiercely at the very top of his voice, bore down directly upon them.

Then with effortless but absolute mastery the Human Being took charge of the situation.

The Apostles may have expected strange things when they ran their boat ashore on the land of the Gerasenes; but what actually did occur, and in the space of a very few minutes' time at that, went beyond their strangest expectations.

Maniac, ghost, or devil, the thing lost its fierceness completely in the presence of the Human Being. Instead of launching an attack it cowered like a beggar at His feet, jabbering at Him in accents of the most abject fear, but at

the same time in language that opened a lurid vista on mysterious reaches and depths of horror in the world unseen.

Our Lord gave one command, asked one question, gave one permission. There was a wild rapid unexpected flurry of commotion; and then it was all over. The poor madman had been completely cured; a legion of devils had been driven out; the cemetery "ghosts" had been laid forever; traveling the highways and roads in that section was rendered safe once more; and by a stern drastic measure (of a kind very unusual in the Human Being's life) the local black market was wiped out at a blow.

But how had all this come about? What had actually happened?

Picture the maniac as he rushed out of the cemetery tombs. Bearded, unkempt, naked, dirty, savage, he would have been a sight to strike terror to any heart at any time; but now, howling literally like a madman and hurtling forward as though bent on mayhem and murder, the Apostles must have felt their very worst fears confirmed. And though the Gospel gives us no details on their reaction, it is not difficult to imagine the confusion that ensued. The more timorous shrank back or even prepared to run in fright; one or the other, St. Peter for instance, may have thought of protecting Our Lord and taken an uncertain step or two forward; a sword or two may even have been brandished for a moment (for if they carried a couple of swords with them when they went to Jerusalem at the time of the Passion, and had them with them in the Upper Room at the Last Supper, as the Gospel says they had, it is hardly unlikely that they ventured into the forbidding land of the Gerasenes without similar provision for protection).

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Only Our Lord was completely unmoved. Forcefully He gave His one command.

"Get out of the man, you dirty devil," might well be the English equivalent of His curt order to the wild apparition.

The poor man was not mad after all. He was possessed by an "unclean spirit", a "foul spirit", or a "dirty devil".

It was the devil who had made him what he was, had given him his preternatural strength, had caused him to "cut himself with stones" and had "driven him into the deserts". It may even be that his headlong approach to Our Lord was not an attack at all, but one last desperate effort on his own part to escape the demon and beg release from his terrible condition.

But the moment Our Lord's command rang out, he fell on his face, or the devils threw him on his face and then grovelled before Him. And a hideous cry came out of the man, screaming in accents of agony:

What are You meddling with us for, Jesus Son of the Most High God? In God's name stop tormenting me! Have You come here to torment us before the time?

Again it is interesting to try to picture the reaction of the Apostles. Our Lord's calm mastery of the situation must have calmed their own confusion; but now, how they must have stared to hear language like this coming from the mouth of a total stranger, a foreigner, a madman! Why, he spoke to Our Lord as though he knew Him well, as though he feared Him as his own master and lord! "Stop tormenting us!" But who was this "us"? And how had Our Lord been "tormenting" him, or them? And "before the time"! What "time" were they talking about? What

awful new revelations had the Master to make at some mysterious period in the future, when the dread "time" was to come?

Our Lord, however, did not deign to reply to any of these diabolical reproaches. Instead, He asked one question:

What is your name?

And the answer came back at once:

My name is Legion, for we are many!

"Legion": a Roman legion counted five or six thousand soldiers, and with auxiliaries and service troops numbered perhaps as high as ten thousand. How the Apostles must have gaped and shrunk back again at this hoarse cry from the demon! Five to ten thousand devils from hell in that one poor man!

But the hoarse voice was going on, now in a pleading, wheedling tone "full of entreaties", as St. Mark says:

Don't send us out of the country! Don't send us back down to the abyss!

"The abyss": St. Thomas says that until Judgment Day some of the devils have permission from God to wander about the world to tempt human beings; that they carry their hell about with them "in the darksome air", just as the angels who come down to help and guard men carry heaven with them wherever they go; but that the satisfaction the demons get out of tempting men in this world, even though hell is with them everywhere, makes them dread the "time" when they will be cast into the "abyss" of hell.

But these devils had a special plea:

Send us into the swine!

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It was as if they had said: "You called us 'dirty'! Look, there are the swine, they are dirty too; send us into them!"

In fact, as the Gospel says

there was there on the cliff a great herd of swine feeding, about two thousand.

And Our Lord gave His divine permission: "*Go!*"

At once the herd of swine, that had been peacefully grazing and rooting and wallowing and sunning themselves on the hillside, was filled with the wildest commotion. As though possessed by ten thousand devils—which they were—they leaped up madly and began to run headlong towards the edge of the cliff. Their keepers saw what they were headed for, and themselves were filled with excitement, shouting and waving and running to turn the animals in a different direction. But it was to no avail. Straight for the cliff's edge they madly rushed and plunged over, to fall to their deaths in the waters far below.

And that was the end of that particular black market!

But it was a great disaster for the poor swineherds. They took to their heels in consternation, and did not stop running until they reached their masters in the town, to report breathlessly and with terror the sudden calamity that had befallen them. Their merchant masters in turn hastened out, followed by the whole town, to the scene of the disaster.

Still, in all their excitement and woe over their loss, there was another sentiment that seemed to prevail. Their thoughts were not centered on the swine, to bemoan them, nor on the swineherds, to berate them. The one they were thinking of was Our Lord, and of Him they were afraid.

Such fear gripped them, says St. Luke, that when they finally came up to Him they did nothing but beg and entreat Him to leave them in peace and go elsewhere.

Would not this sentiment of fear of the Human Being, predominating over all other feelings in the hearts of the hog merchants at this juncture, seem in itself to detract a guilty conscience and to amount to a confession on their part that they realized their trafficking in the swine had been wrong and the loss that had been inflicted upon them was no more than they deserved?

Our Lord in His turn received their entreaties with perfect calm. Without a word of protest or explanation He turned around,

embarked on the boat and returned.

Just as He was getting into the boat, however, there was an interruption. A man was forcing his way through the crowd calling earnestly upon Him. It was the man who had been possessed, now completely changed. As a matter of fact, the change had taken place the moment the devils had left him. The Gerasenes coming running from the town with the swineherds had found him seated at Our Lord's feet

clothed and in his right mind.

It might be said here that Gilbert Chesterton has an acute observation on this passage. In his usual penetrating way, with ironic reference to the present day cult of nudism, Chesterton says: Indeed: the two things really do go together: *clothed, and in his (or her) right mind.*

But now that Our Lord was about to embark and leave the country of the Gerasenes, the man He had delivered



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had a favor to ask: he begged that he might be allowed to follow his Saviour wherever He went.

It was a favor Our Lord had not refused to St. Mary Magdalen, "out of whom He had driven seven devils". She was allowed to follow Him with the holy women, ministering to Him.

But He had a different vocation for the man of the Gerasenes and the legion of devils. From a mad possessed man, he was to become an Evangelist of his own people. Our Lord told him:

Go back to your friends and tell them all that God did for you, and the mercy He showed you.

## Let Us Pray

According to *The Little Missionary*, a certain good priest let himself in for a rude shock one day when he stopped in to pay a visit to one of the lower grades of his parish school. Selecting a little bright-eyed girl in pigtails, the good pastor fixed a benevolent eye upon her.

"Do you know any prayers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Father," was the immediate reply. "I know one prayer. It starts out 'Lord, have mercy on my soul'."

The priest was pleased. "That sounds like a good prayer," he said. "How does the rest of it go?"

"It goes like this, Father:

'Lord have mercy on my soul,

How many chickens have you stole?

One last night and the night before.

But I ain't gonna steal no chickens no more'."

## Fiction and Fact

*Consumers' Research* is a magazine dedicated to the work of affording straight and unbiased information on commercial products in standard use. It is always interesting to compare what the advertisers have to say, and what *Consumers' Research* has to say, about any given product.

Recently a very prominent hair tonic has been advertised as follows:

"Regular use aids in maintaining hair growth. Daily massage of the scalp with the finger tips keeps hair healthy. If this is followed by the application of ———, encouraging vigor results, helping to keep the hair in a healthy condition."

After examining and testing the product, *Consumers' Research* remarked dryly: "Consumers will save money if they will remember that hair tonic manufacturers do not have any more knowledge of how to grow hair or maintain sturdy growth than the customers do."

## BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (28)

### Rebecca's Lie

*E. A. Mangan*

*Problem:* In chapter 27 of Genesis it is related that Jacob, the younger son of Isaac and Rebecca, on the advice of Rebecca deliberately deceived Isaac, who was becoming blind, and thereby received the blessing meant for Esau, the elder son. Was this deception a sin on the part of Rebecca and Jacob?

*Solution:*

*1. In regard to Rebecca:*

a. Surely she was not inspired by God to do this. The author of Genesis merely relates what took place. Nowhere does he approve of what Rebecca did. There are many events in Jewish history that were unsavory, but this does not militate against God's authorship of the Bible. The very fact that such things are related vouches for the historical truth of the Bible.

b. Whether Rebecca was guilty of the sin of lying or not depends on the state of her conscience. Even today some people think that there are circumstances in which it is permitted to tell a lie for a good purpose. This is a false principle and people who resort to it are people with false consciences. If Rebecca acted, however, in such a state of mind she committed no sin subjectively, though what she did was objectively wrong. This is a possibility and even a probability. We surely may not presume that Rebecca's knowledge of the finer points of ethics was more perfect than that of some rather highly educated people of today who act on the same objectively wrong principle.

c. It is possible, of course, that Rebecca knew that she was failing against the moral law and deliberately did so out of inordinate love for her favorite son. The Bible relates what Rebecca did, but does not tell us anything about the state of her conscience.

*2. About Jacob:*

a. Jacob argues with his mother in the story. But he does not object on moral grounds, to disguising himself in order to deceive his father. His objections seem to be based on the fear that Isaac will detect the deception and curse him instead of blessing him.

b. Jacob's guilt is a matter for pure speculation, just as Rebecca's is. Either he acted according to an erroneous conscience and so committed no formal sin, or he knew what he was doing and deliberately committed the sin for the sake of the advantages that would come to him. The fact that he did prosper materially has nothing to do with the goodness or badness of his action.



## Side Glances

By the Bystander

Sometimes we are inclined to indulge in a bit of despair over the futility of trying to bring together, in harmony and understanding, the minds of Americans who differ on fundamental human issues. A case in point is the divided reaction to the Barden educational bill which has been proposed in Congress. The bill provides that all the children of school age in America be counted and a federal sum per child be appropriated to assist the states in educating children; but it then excludes from the use of any of this federal money every child in a non-public or parochial school. How far apart are those who consider this a good proposal and those who consider it unjust, was made evident to the bystander in a recent issue of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. This newspaper, following a policy never wavered from in all disputes that involve the sacred rights of the public school, had published an editorial on the Barden bill which said in effect: "There is no bigotry in the Barden bill because the all-important thing in America is separation of church and state." This cloudy non-sequitur evoked many letters from readers of the *P.-D.*, of which the editorial page carried a few samples some days later.

We submit two samples of the letters published as exhibits for our thesis that there seems to be an unbridgeable chasm between American minds. One Protestant minister wrote to the *Post-Dispatch*: "Let me thank you for another fine, free and fearless editorial (the one on the Barden bill). You deserve the thanks of every liberty-loving American who believes in religious liberty and in the absolute separation of church and state. We are in real danger today of losing our priceless heritage of religious liberty. The menace of human

freedom is just as great whether it comes from a state dominated by the church or a church dominated by the state." On the other side, a man who does not state his religious affiliation, writes thus: "The Barden bill is without question the most vicious, discriminatory, anti-religious and anti-American piece of legislation ever introduced into Congress. It would count the children in parochial schools to determine the aid to be granted but would deny them a share in its benefits. The right to give children a religious education is a basic human freedom, a God-given right. This the Barden bill would deny. It treats four million children in Catholic schools as hybrid Americans."

It is very obvious that there are elements in this dispute that do not appear on the surface. That is because the surface of the arguments leaves little doubt as to which is logical and American. It is an accepted principle in America that parents have the first and most authoritative right to decide on the education of their children; this has been upheld in judicial decisions to the effect that the state may not force parents to send their children to a particular type of school. It is a fact of history that all the first schools in democratic America were religious schools, and that none of the founding fathers saw any threat to democracy in giving them aid when needed. It is a moral fact, attested not only by reason but by many of the greatest leaders in America, that children in general cannot be made responsible citizens unless they are educated to a knowledge of God and of their accountability to Him. And it is an ethical truth that to decide on funds for federal education aid to children according to the number of all

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the school children in the land, and then to exclude from that aid all children not in public schools, is unjust and discriminatory. Has anyone asked the question of what the public schools will do with the millions that are to be counted out of the federal treasury for Catholic school children, but then denied to them? Probably for a publicity campaign to win children away from the Catholic schools. Anyway, about the above facts, there can be no argument or doubt.

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That is why we say that there is something beneath the surface of the arguments proposed by those who favor the Barden bill. What it is can be named: It is a huge suspicion and fear of the Catholic Church, so strong as to make even highly educated men and women (like editorial writers on the *Post-Dispatch* and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt) come out with a conclusion that, defying justice, will keep Catholics down. There are a thousand roots of this suspicion and fear, each one fostered by continuous propaganda over many generations. To get all the way down to the bottom of the matter is no easy thing. A wise psychologist would probably find that most of the expressed fears of the Catholic Church are in reality defense mechanisms, i. e., they are vociferous efforts to smother a small voice within the mind which keeps whispering that the Catholic Church has the most solid, the most reasonable and the most unassailable foundations in the world.

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Thus, there are those who say that they fear the Catholic Church because she is authoritarian, i. e., she insists on obedience to God and to His delegated representatives. In their hearts they know that there must be authority in religion, that without it the word "religion" becomes non-sense, and that the Catholic Church is the only one that has it. There are those who say they fear the Catholic Church because she wants "union of church and state"; denials of any such aim on the part of Catholics do not

destroy such fears because what those subject to them really fear is that so many Americans will become Catholics that their influence will naturally predominate in national affairs. And there are those (like Paul Blanshard) who fear the Catholic Church because she presents a moral code that applies God's laws to human life "from the cradle to the grave"; what such people really fear is to be bound in conscience, even by a natural and divine law, anywhere from the cradle to the grave. They know they should be, but it is so pleasant not to be.

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Food for such fears, with their undertones of self-defense, has been amply provided by many groups in America. The Freemasons, especially the lodge with headquarters in Florida, has for years been publishing pamphlets with the theme that the public school is the only American school, and other pamphlets ridiculing the teachings of the Popes. Some of these were used in great profusion by the Masons years ago when Oregon tried to pass a law compelling all parents to send their children to the public schools. (The law was declared unconstitutional.) The tracts of many Protestant denominations set up the Catholic Church as "the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse", as "the roaring lion seeking whom it may devour", as the "anti-Christ". Sad figures of ex-priests, amazingly few in numbers but vociferous in expression, give vent to their feelings and defend their defenseless perfidy by the wildest charges against the authorities of the Catholic Church. The accent is always on *fear*; the effort is to make people forget history, logic, their own consciences and leanings, common sense and fact, and be afraid of the Catholic Church. Thus even reputable newspapers are taken in by this fear and launch forth their pontifications that there is no bigotry in the Barden bill because the most important thing in America is to uphold separation of church and state.



## Catholic Anecdotes

### *One Way Danger*

Archbishop Ryan, who presided over the diocese of St. Louis many years ago, was celebrated for his geniality and wit. Among his friends he numbered many non-catholics, including one particular Presbyterian minister, who frequently called on the Archbishop to engage in friendly conversation.

A lady in the neighborhood, who happened to be a leading member of the minister's congregation, noticed this and was much disturbed. One day she met the Archbishop on the street, and, when the usual greetings had been exchanged, she said:

"Do you know, Archbishop, I do not like this thing of my pastor visiting you so often."

"Why not?" was the response.

"Because I am afraid that you may try to make a Catholic out of him."

"Has it never occurred to you," said the Archbishop with a twinkle in his eye, "that your pastor may be trying to make a Presbyterian out of me?"

"No," said the lady, "I never thought of that."

"Ah! Then if the danger is that I might convert him, and there is no danger of his converting me, then you must admit that you are afraid there might be some truth in the Catholic church after all."

And leaving the good lady to ponder over his remark, he lifted his hat, and passed smiling on his way.

### *Comfort at Death*

A dying monk was very cheerful even knowing how near he was to eternity.

When asked how he could be so light-

hearted in the face of death, he replied:

"When my brethren have annoyed or wronged me in any way, I have always put the best meaning on their words and actions. Since, then, I have never judged others uncharitably, I venture to hope that I may find mercy before my divine Judge, as He has promised: 'Judge not, that you may not be judged.'"

### *Retaliation*

When Louis XII was crowned king at Rheims, he had a list prepared of all his enemies, especially those who had tried to injure him in some way when he was only the Duke of Orleans.

It was noticed that in going over the list he marked with a red cross a certain number of names; then he carefully put the list aside.

The story of what he had done reached the owners of the names who happened to be in court, and, thinking they were marked out for vengeance, they hastily made preparations to escape.

But the king, hearing of their plans, summoned them to his presence. While they trembled before him, he said:

"I am surprised, my lords, that you should think of flight. I never intended you any harm."

Then, noting their surprise, he added:

"The king of France has nothing to do with the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans. The cross I placed behind your names is a sign of my clemency. I am bound to forgive the wrongs you have done to me, just as Christ on the cross asked pardon for those who crucified Him."



## Pointed Paragraphs

### *The Cramped Mind*

A very ludicrous letter recently turned up in the correspondence columns of *Life* magazine. On the subject of movies, about which *Life's* pundits had been philosophizing, a certain lady wrote as follows:

"Having no affiliation whatsoever with any religious or political group, I shall speak freely. I deeply resent the Legion of Decency's censoring the movies I see, books I read, or ideas I encounter. I resent having my intellectual horizons cramped by a group to which I do not belong."

Any lady's intellectual horizons are already quite cramped who permits the purely negative and moral ratings of the Legion of Decency to throw her into such a spasm. The Legion of Decency operates in behalf of those who recognize that they have some obligation of protecting themselves and their children from sensuality and immorality in any of the forms that movie producers may happen to feel like presenting to the public.

For a "lady" who does not admit any obligation of protecting herself from sensuality and immorality, the Legion of Decency might just as well not exist. It has not stopped the production of immoral movies, nor does it put a crimp or a cramp in anybody who wants to see them. It says to good people "You had better not see such and such a movie because its scenes or its theories are not compatible with goodness", and leaves all others to be just as bad they want to be.

The resentment of *Life's* correspon-

dent, therefore, is like that of a meat-eater who would grow angry over the very existence of vegetarians; or that of a physician against Christian Scientists because they do not believe in physicians. Bad people have never had much reason to worry about the rules that good people set down for themselves.

Dear madam of the *Life* columns, don't upset yourself over the Legion of Decency. If your mind really feels cramped by it, you can uncramp it by paying a weekly visit to a burlesque show in any large American city, or a shady night club, or any one of a dozen smutty plays on Broadway, or half a dozen lascivious imported movies. At any of these events you'll learn how little the Legion of Decency cramps the "intellectual" horizons of those who recognize no morality.

### *Campaign Against Superstition*

*Coronet* magazine, in its August issue, tells the story of an organization in New York whose chief objective is the debunking of popular superstitions. Its founder is Nick Matsoukas, born in Greece, the 13th child of a family of 13 children.

The organization has a committee of thirteen members, with headquarters at Suite 1313 of a New York office building. It holds public meetings during which mirrors are broken, ladders are walked under, umbrellas are nonchalantly opened, and single matches are used to light three cigarettes. The idea is to make people realize how foolish most of their superstitions are.



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It is a good idea, too, and probably does convince many people that there are no occult forces ready to pounce on them if they happen to do some of the strange things that tradition has dubbed dangerous.

Yet it is our conviction that so long as millions of Americans have no definite notions of the true God and no program of reasonable spiritual action, there will be popular superstitions arising faster than any debunking organization can keep up with.

Human beings are spiritual beings, i. e., they belong in part to the spiritual world. If they are ignorant of the true place they hold in that world and of their true relationships to other spiritual beings, they will almost certainly devise foolish and unreasonable spiritual relationships for themselves.

Thus people who do not know the God Who made the stars, will conceive the silly idea that the stars themselves have some spiritual influence upon them, and several million will become addicts of astrology.

People who know nothing about angels will see spiritual significance in black cats, rabbit feet, and four-leaf clovers.

People who are unaware of God's providence will be afraid of such curious things as umbrellas, ladders and mirrors.

Be thankful, therefore, if you know the things that God has revealed about the spiritual world. You won't catch yourself making up spiritual forces where there are none, nor taking over the silly, superstitious beliefs that have been handed down by the spiritually ignorant.

### *Hobbies*

Psychiatrists say that every man should have a hobby. We know one man who has carried out this injunction to

the letter. He is a priest and has a parish in a small town in Missouri not far from Hannibal. The hobby that he has taken up is astronomy.

At a corner of the school yard across the street from his rectory he has built a square tower that rises at least to the height of his church. This tower he has divided into three stories.

The top story is given over to his telescope. It (the telescope) is a huge thing, as long as the building is wide, and as big around as the trunk of a small tree. It is mounted on a mechanism that enables the stargazer to swing it up and down and sidewise, just as he desires or just as the heavenly bodies happen to be placed. Furthermore, by the pulling of an electric switch, the roof of the tower rolls aside and opens the sky completely to the lens of the telescope. All this work was done by the priest himself, his knowledge both of the method of building a tower and of fitting a telescope having been gained from a careful perusal of books.

By this time he is a skilled, if amateur, astronomer; and when he cannot get over an idea to an inquirer as to the immensity and grandeur of God by the expedient of a catechism lesson, he takes his doubter or his skeptic over to his tower and places him firmly behind the telescope. Then the lesson goes on, with the stars and planets and all the peculiar phenomena of the firmament as the proofs of what he is trying to teach. Thus, the hobby is paying off dividends in the spiritual order as well as in the recreational.

But this priest was not done with hobbies when he finished his observatory. The bottom story of his tower was unoccupied. So what did he do but build a cart with small railroad wheels to fit a narrow gage track which he stretched the length of the school yard.

This is for the children. And do they like it! They go into the tower, mount the cart and sweep down the track like a railroad train. At the end of the track is an upsweep which stops the car and gives the children a little ride backwards. This contraption is known far and wide, both amongst the Catholic children and the Protestant. And the priest is known far and wide too. His hobbies have really paid off.

### *Genius and Ignorance*

Very possibly some of the readers of *The Liguorian* are acquainted with Professor Anton J. Carlson of the University of Chicago. He is a world-famous physiologist and skeptic. Having been ordained a minister in the Presbyterian religion, he discovered that the story of Genesis concerning the creation of the world and particularly of man could not be reconciled with the findings of science. So, he left the Presbyterian ministry and turned all his efforts to science. After years of research and study he became professor of physiology at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Carlson is a very learned man. He is also a man filled with spiritual inhibitions and inexplicable contradictions. The slogan whereby he is known by countless students is: "What is the evidence?" No one in his classes dares give an answer to a question unless the answer can be backed up by evidence.

Yet, the professor himself, who is so insistent on evidence, evidently did not examine the evidence closely in the case of Genesis and the creation of the world. If he did examine the evidence, and then made so stupid a statement as to the irreconcilability of the two, he could lay no claim to genius at all. One would be very foolish to accept the truths that he discovered under a microscope in view of the fact that he was so blind that

he could not see the truths that were evident to the naked eye. Because he is truly a genius, the only explanation of his condemnation of the Bible is the patent conclusion that he did not examine the evidence.

A physiological mystery that always interested Dr. Carlson was the working of the stomach. For the solving of this mystery he went on long fasts. After one such fast he noticed that in a few days' time (while the fast was still going on) he felt weak, restless, and lost interest in things. But when he broke his fast and resumed normal eating, he recovered his strength rapidly and felt as though he had had a month's vacation, plunging into his work like a new man. He concluded that it wouldn't be a bad idea for everyone to starve for a few days, once or twice a year.

Yet, when Dr. Hutchins, president of Chicago, proposed fasting for reasons taken out of the scholastic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dr. Carlson cried out that "three hundred years ago, Hutchins would have been a monk in a monastery. I don't believe in retreating from the world; I believe in staying in it and mastering it."

This, then, would seem to be the manner of Dr. Carlson's reasoning: As long as science says that fasting is good, then fasting is good. But the moment the Church says that fasting is good, fasting no longer is any good.

Or, it is like the arguing of the ignorant who say that it is a terrible thing for a husband to give his wife a black eye, but it is not terrible at all for a husband to leave his wife and children, and to start living with another woman, provided he has the permission of the nearest judge or court.

If a genius can be ignorant, Professor Carlson is that kind of genius. Let us pray for him.



# Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

*Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer*

## THE LAST THINGS

*Editor's Note:* In 1776, just a year after he had resigned the episcopacy of St. Agatha of the Goths, St. Alphonsus published this series of dissertations on *The Four Last Things*. Though he was to live for some years yet, it might be called his own preparation for death. But he had reasons, other than personal ones, for publishing such a work. As in every day and age, there were hosts of men who were curious and concerned over their future life after death; similarly, there had appeared a great number of scoffers at the eternal truths. It was principally to satisfy the former and to refute the latter that the saintly Doctor again took up his pen after the years spent in the direction of his diocese. While the work is doctrinal and moral, it is still popular, written not for theologians, but for the common people.

### *I. The Particular Judgment:*

"It is determined," says the Holy Spirit, "for men once to die, and after that the judgment." While theologians are divided on the interpretation of this text, many referring it to the particular judgment and others to the general judgment, it cannot, however, be doubted that there will be a judgment immediately after death. The book of Ecclesiasticus gives us indubitable proof of this doctrine, stating: "It is easy before God in the day of death to reward every one according to his ways. In the end of a man is the disclosing of his works." These words demonstrate clearly that the particular judgment will follow immediately after death, and that recompense will be granted to each according to his merits. The Fathers of the Church, among them Sts. Ambrose, John Chrysostom, John Damascene and

Augustine, give universal testimony to the tradition of the Church regarding the fact of the particular judgment.

Besides the universal judgment which will take place at the end of the world for all men and all angels, it is equally certain that there will also be a particular judgment, which will assign to each, at the end of his life, the reward or punishment which he will have merited by his works. The angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, writes that each man will undergo a particular judgment at the end of his life, in so far as he is an individual person; and in so far as he is a member of the great human family, he will be subjected to a second judgment at the end of the world, namely, the universal judgment.

It is useless to object that, after the particular judgment, the universal judgment will be superfluous. For all particular judgments will be secret, while the general judgment is destined to be public and to have for its object to make known to all men the justification of the divine justice. It is equally useless to allege that it is unjust for men to be judged twice. God will not inflict a twofold punishment for the same sin, nor will He grant a second reward for the same good work. But the reward or punishment, only a part of which will be applied in the particular judgment, will be completed after the general judgment. For after the last judgment, the wicked will receive their full punishment, and the just their full reward, both in their souls and their bodies. This is only just, for the body is the instrument of the soul, united to it and

a part of the complete man. Just as the body has participated in the pleasure of sinning or the sorrow of suffering, so also it should partake of the punishment of suffering or the reward of blessedness. Hence, the merits or demerits of each man should be examined anew at the end of the world.

Let us now treat several different questions, as to the time and place of the particular judgment. It is the common opinion of theologians that the judgment will take place at the very instant of death, that is, at the moment when the soul is separated from the body. It will not be made before that instant, for the time of meriting or demeriting will not have been terminated; nor will it be made after the instant of separation, for the soul will then be incapable of increasing its reward or punishment.

St. Bonaventure is of the opinion that at the instant of death, the soul remains in the body to hear the sentence, and is then transported to the place assigned to it. But it is the far more common opinion of theologians that at one and the same instant the soul is separated from the body, undergoes an examination, receives its sentence and is conducted to the place reserved for it.

While the Fathers of the Church and theologians state that the guardian angel assists at this judgment as an advocate and the devil as an accuser, it will, none the less, be accomplished in an instant and with the greatest speed. For Jesus Christ, even in His humanity, has a complete knowledge of our works. Hence there is no need of time for the examination of the souls, nor of witness to test them. Moreover, in this moment, each of those to be judged will perceive immediately, with special aid from God, his merits or demerits. In this

regard, St. Lawrence Justinian remarks that the devils frequently tempt men, making them believe that they are already condemned to hell and that there is no longer any hope for them. We must always remember, continues the Saint, that no one can know before death whether he is to be damned or saved, for it is only after death that the sentence is pronounced by the Lord according to the merits or demerits of each individual.

As to the place where the judgment will take place, it is the more common opinion of the doctors of the Church that it will occur in the same place as that occupied by the body of the deceased. It will certainly not take place in heaven, the residence of Jesus Christ, the Judge, for the souls of the damned will not be permitted to enter heaven. Nor is it reasonable that it occur in the place where the soul is to be assigned, whether it be heaven, hell or purgatory, for in that case the sentence would follow the execution of the sentence.

Some theologians believe that Jesus Christ will accomplish this judgment through the intermediary of the angels. But the majority of theologians hold that Jesus Christ Himself will perform this judgment, not in so far as He is God for God possesses this right by His very nature, but in so far as He is man. This is indicated by a text of Sacred Scripture, in the Acts of the Apostles: "It is he who was appointed by God to be judge of the living and of the dead." The word, *appointed*, indicates that Jesus Christ will judge *as man*, for the power has been granted to Him, whereas He already possesses the right to judge and to assign rewards or punishments as God.

Theologians, moreover, agree in saying that if Jesus Christ presides at the particular judgment as Man, he does

## The Liguorian

not, however, descend from heaven to exercise this charge. For, He would be in incessant movement in different places of the earth to judge each man as he dies. Hence, when the Scriptures and the Holy Fathers assert that Jesus Christ comes to judge us at the hour of death, they are speaking of an intellectual judgment, that is, the souls will be made to see by Christ their merits or demerits.

### PRAYER

My Jesus, who will one day be my Judge, I do not wish to await the time of my death to be conducted before Your tribunal: I now present myself before You, recognizing that I deserve hell. But today it is not before the throne of justice that I appear, but it is before the throne of mercy that I present myself, at the feet of the cross upon which you have died for my love. The countless graces with which you have favored me, instead of punishing

me as I deserve, give me hope that you have already pardoned me. But if you have not as yet granted me pardon, O my beloved Redeemer, do so now, before coming to judge me. I repent with my whole soul of ever having offended you, and would wish to die of grief at the very thought of my ever offending you again. But, I am not content, my Lord, with merely being pardoned: I love you and I desire to be all yours. Grant that this desire, a great gift of Thine own, may continue; grant that from this day forward I may renounce everything created, that I may love you alone, my sovereign good. Such is the confidence that I place in your intercession, O Mary, Mother of God, that I ask you to pray to Jesus for me! I glory in being your servant, and I know, that for your part, you glorify yourself in changing your servants into saints, sinners though they may be, as you have shown by so many examples. I, also, hope to be among this number. Amen.

### Forbidden Fruit

The *Rotarian* relates the story of how potatoes came to be accepted as an ordinary article of diet by the people.

"Ground apples", as they were known, were regarded for a long time with great suspicion, and no one would dare to touch them.

It is said that a French scientist hit upon this scheme for overcoming the prejudice of the masses. He planted a large field of potatoes, and when they were ready to be dug up, placed a sign in a conspicuous place, which read as follows:

"These *pommes de terre* are raised exclusively for the nobility to eat. Do not take any on pain of severe punishment."

This did the trick. Next morning the field was stripped, and the humble potato had come into its own.

### Beware of the Latin!

A man who had a small lake on his property, and wanted to keep swimmers out of it, achieved the desired result by means of a sign:

"Although *Labidesthes Sicculus* abounds in this water, it gives no warning of its presence.

BEWARE!"

The fish mentioned is a small, harmless minnow, but the property-owner was bothered by no more swimmers.

## BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by T. Tobin

### CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

ROBERT J. CASEY, 1890-

Journalist and Author

#### I. Life:

The small town of Beresford, South Dakota, was the place where Robert Casey was born on March 14, 1890, to James and Mary Wilson Casey. His secondary education was begun with a science course at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, and completed with a classical course at the Jesuit college, St. Mary's, Kansas. Soon after graduation he married his childhood sweetheart, Marie Driscoll. He quickly felt the pull of newspaper work and began his journalistic career with the *Des Moines Register and Leader*. For a short time he worked in Houston, Texas, and then went to Chicago. From 1920 to 1946, Mr. Casey was a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News*. Since 1946, he has been on the staff of the *Chicago Herald-American*. Most of his newspaper work has been as a foreign war correspondent. He interrupted his journalistic career to serve in the first World War. Before our country entered the second World War he acted as a reporter with the French and British armies. Eleven days after the attack on Pearl Harbor Bob Casey arrived on the scene, the first reporter to reach the spot from the United States. In the course of the war he was attached to the American navy in the Pacific and finally to the British navy. After the death of his wife Mr. Casey married Hazel MacDonald of Chicago in 1946.

#### II. Writings:

Mr. Casey is one of the most prolific of modern writers. Most of his writings have arisen from his journalistic work. From the last war came these books: *I Can't Forget*, *Torpedo Junction*, *Battle Below* and *This Is Where I Came In*. *The Secret of Number 37 Hardy Street* and *The Secret of the Bungalow* are two mystery novels. He has also written books of travel, satire, verse and romance.

Although none of his books deal with Catholic topics there is no doubt of his practical Catholic faith from incidental references in his books. Mr. Casey writes in a very charming, informal manner about the places and people he knows. His books will not be classed with the great books of our day, but they are very wholesome and entertaining.

#### III. The Book:

It seems very appropriate to feature a book about Casey's experience in the newspaper world, *Such Interesting People*. Every profession has its characters and, to say the least, journalism has not been by-passed in the distribution. This book is filled with tales and anecdotes about editors, reporters and newsroom people. There are many humorous incidents in the volume. *Such Interesting People* gives an insight into the lives of some of the great and small newspaper men of the past thirty years.



## BOOK REVIEWS FOR SEPTEMBER

### The Story of Gethsemani

*Burnt Out Incense.* By Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. 457 pp. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$3.50.

"GETHSEMANI . . . What is it? . . . It is the ambush of God which He set behind Kentucky hills in the mid-nineteenth century, and into which He has been leading unsuspecting men for one hundred uninterrupted years that He might ensnare them, then blind them with His beauty, fire them with His love and fill them with His peace." The monks who live there present their lives as prayerful incense in the sight of God. Hence the title of the book: *Burnt Out Incense.*

The prolific Trappist author, Father Raymond, has reached the American epoch of the saga of Cîteaux. The period of the first one hundred years of the first permanent Trappist Abbey in the United States is the subject of this book. In 1848, forty-four Trappist monks walked through the streets of Paris behind the wooden cross carried by their first superior on their way to bring the influence of their lives to the missionary territory of America. One of their number was called to receive his eternal reward from the hold of the ship. The first years in America were a true Gethsemani for the monks. Three of the pioneers left the community; the lack of physical accommodations brought on the serious illness of some and almost the death of the first Abbot; no American candidate was received during the first thirty years; for a time the Abbey was repudiated by its mother Abbey.

But after the agony of Gethsemani came the joys of Thabor. Abbot Edmond Obrecht, the fourth Abbot, consolidated the work and brought the message of the Trappist silence to the attention of the Catholics of the United States. He travelled far and wide to accomplish this purpose. Then, under his successor, Abbot Frederic Dunn, two doughty

monasteries were founded in America.

The story is told from the viewpoint of the successive Abbots who ruled the silent monks. The dark spots in the history are not glossed over in the narrative. Father Raymond continues to use "romanced history" to tell the saga of Cîteaux. By no means, is the result a mere historical romance. There is not a dull sentence in the entire book. Catholics and non-Catholics will be thrilled by *Burnt Out Incense*. Incidentally, it is a fine book for refectory reading.

This reviewer shares the wishes of the author: "I can but pray that Our Lady of Gethsemani bless all who read of these men whom I have called 'the burnt men of Christ' and lead them 'to a knowledge and love of Him whom Thomas Merton calls 'the Christ of the burnt men'."

### Life of King Henry VIII

*Henry The Eighth.* By Theodore Maynard. 431 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.75.

Theodore Maynard has added another popular biography to his growing list. Like Father Raymond, Maynard writes literary history. The list of his sources reveals his extensive acquaintance with the standard histories of the period.

The result of his researches shows a very thorough and fair treatment of the entire period. Henry is seen as a man who was very Catholic in his thinking to the very end of his life. Despite any popular misconceptions, it was his concern for a male heir and not his lust that led him to seek an annulment of his marriage to the widow of his brother. The deep Catholicism of the "Defender of the Faith" was manifested in his desire to have the Pope himself declare his marriage invalid. There were many civil and ecclesiastical authorities in England who were only too willing to do his bidding in this matter, but Henry would have none of them at first. The gradual dis-

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integration of his physical and moral integrity reveals itself in the pages of the book. Maynard is also fair in his appraisal of the real basis for some of the anti-clericalism of the day.

*Henry The Eighth* makes very interesting and honest reading of the beginnings of the Protestant revolt in England. It is one of Maynard's best biographies to date.

### Tips on Reading

*How To Improve Your Personality by Reading.* By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. 241 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.50.

In recent years there has been a great popular revival of interest in the "Great Books." Chancellor Hutchins and Professor Adler of Chicago University have been the prime movers in this field. Great Books' study groups have been formed in a number of cities. As a result of this activity there have been many books written on how to derive the most profit from the classics. The most popular of these treatises has been *How to Read a Book* by Mortimer J. Adler.

The associate editor of the Catholic Digest, Father Francis B. Thornton, is the author of the latest book on this subject. After a brief sketch on the value of books in the life of the reader, sections are devoted to the various types of books: Fiction, Catholic Fiction, Poetry, Biography, History, Drama, Science, Philosophy and Religion. The final chapter shows how reading develops one's personality. A list of suggested reading and the titles of the 100 Great Books are found in the appendix.

*How To Improve Your Personality by Reading* is a more popular work than *How to Read a Book*. It is not as ponderous and repetitious as Adler's volume. The introduction to reading is made to seem much easier than the one given by Adler. The tips on the various fields of reading are not profound but are practical. Since the author

is obviously pointing his work toward Catholic readers it should be indicated that some of the Great Books are on the Index of Prohibited Books.

### The Catholic O. Henry

*Men, Mutts and Mulligan.* By Quentin Morrow Phillip. 62 pp. Paper cover. Chicago: St. Joseph Publishing Company. \$1.25.

Years ago Quentin Morrow Phillip was told by a kind Catholic priest-editor that his stories would never sell because they were too intensely Catholic. Like a good writer, he promptly disregarded the well intended advice and has been writing Catholic stories ever since. His stories all are based on the evident fact that the supernatural can and does play a role in the life of man. At times the supernatural is brought into the narrative in a rather startling way, but most often it is woven into the story in a very ordinary manner.

The present collection of short stories is typical of the work of Mr. Phillip. A short play is concerned with the labor problem; another one is concerned with the almost distinctively Catholic problem of a bingo-crazy wife and her patient husband. Phillip deserves the title of the Catholic O. Henry because of the unusual and climatic ending to his stories. Besides this quality, the style is always fast moving.

The present collection of stories is the first in a new series of manuscript editions issued by the St. Joseph Publishing Company. The purpose is to allow the authors to publish their work without benefit of any correction or even the change of a comma by the editor. The editions are paper bound and printed with typewriter type by the multigraph or multilith method of reproduction. Comments are requested by the publishers. Their choice of the author is excellent. There does not seem to be any real advantage in not submitting the manuscript to the revision of the editor. I, for

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one, do not much care whether the author or the editor revises. The format is too large. Why not publish in the pocketbook

size of the former publishers of Morrow's books? A more conventional form of type would also add to the value of the book.

### BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Mercier Press: *The Story of Matt Talbot*.  
By Malachy G. Carroll. *Where is Thy God?* By Father James, O.F.M. Cap.;  
*Cardinal Mercier*. By Henry Louis Dubly.  
Pustet Co.: *Scale the Heights*. By Canon Paul Marc.

### BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the University of Scranton.

#### I. Suitable for all classes of readers:

*Our Lady in Our Life*—Bernadot  
*The Next Thing*—Burton  
*I Hear in My Heart*—Sister M. Carroll  
*It Happens Every Spring*—Davies  
*Cannon Hill*—Deasy  
*You and Thousands Like You*—Dudley  
*If Russia Strikes*—Eliot  
*Wellesley*—Part of the American Story—Hackett  
*Thank God for My Heart Attack*—Harrison  
*Catholic Authors*—Hoehn  
*The Well O' the World's End*—MacManus  
*Cardinal Mindszenty Speaks*—Mindszenty  
*The Road to Damascus*—O'Brien  
*Burnt Out Incense*—Raymond  
*Saint Among the Hurons*—Talbot  
*In the Land of Jim Crow*—Sprigle  
*Father of the Bride*—Streeter  
*The Irish*—O'Faolain

#### II. Suitable for adults only:

A. Because style and contents are too advanced for adolescents:  
*The Doctor Wears Three Faces*—Bard  
*The Track of the Cat*—Clark  
*The Negro in the United States*—Frazier  
*Trained for Genius*—Goldring  
*Devil's Food*—Grant

*Left, Right and Center*—Lens  
*Death of a Salesman*—Miller  
*The Last Miracle*—Vollmoeller  
*Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake*—Wilson  
*Henry The Eighth*—Maynard

#### B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

*The Robber*—Brooker  
*After the Storm*—Hale  
*No Wall So High*—Powers  
*Tomorrow We Reap*—Street  
*The Spectacular San Franciscans*—Altrocchi  
*Fear, War and the Bomb*—Blackett  
*The Big Secret*—Colby  
*Beulah Land*—Davis  
*Behind the Curtain*—Gunther  
*Nineteen Eighty-Four*—Orwell  
*Pink Magic*—Runbeck  
*Come Clean, My Love*—Taylor

#### III. Suitable only for the very discriminating reader:

*The Man Who Made Friends With Himself*—Morley

#### IV. Not recommended to any class of reader:

*Pride's Castle*—Yerby  
*Hunter's Horn*—Arnow  
*Playtime is Over*—Davis  
*Irene*—Marsh  
*The Melodramatists*—Nemerov  
*Inishfallen Fare Thee Well*—O'Casey  
*O Careless Love*—Skidmore  
*Elephant Walk*—Standish



## Lucid Intervals

"Doctor," said the patient, "I'm afraid my wife is going crazy."

"What seems wrong?" asked the doctor.

"She wants to buy a goat."

"Let her buy a goat."

"But she wants to keep it in the house."

"Well, let her keep it in the house."

"But a goat stinks."

"Open the windows"

"What! And let all my pigeons out!"

The nice old lady smiled at the little girl who had been left in charge of the cake shop.

"Don't you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, my dear?" she asked.

The little girl was quite shocked. "Of course not," she replied. "That would be stealing. I only lick them."

They had just missed the train.

"If you hadn't taken so long getting ready," complained the husband, "we would have caught it." But he couldn't intimidate his wife, who replied—

"Yes, and if you hadn't hurried me so, we wouldn't have so long to wait for the next one."

*Boss*—I want every married woman in the country to read this message.

*Advertising Manager*—I know just the way. We'll address the letters to their husbands and mark them "Personal."

Pa called the boys to supper one evening. Seven came running, but Billy kept playing in the yard. Pa shouted again, "Billy, you heard me. Come in to supper."

"I don't want any supper, Pa. I ain't hungry."

"Well come in anyway. You can help pass."

The neighbors were coming home from the funeral.

"I'm sorry for Mamie," said one. "It's tough to be left a widow with three small children."

"It is," replied the other, "but what could she expect? She knew he was a pedestrian when she married him."

A Jewish street-car conductor began to turn in a surprisingly large increase in receipts.

"How do you get \$60, \$70, and \$80 an afternoon for a line that has been averaging \$10, \$11, and \$12?" they asked him.

"Vhell, pishness vas not very goot on Tenth Street so I ran her up and down Broadway," he answered.

Little Bobby: "I found a horseshoe this morning."

Mother: "Do you know what that means?"

Little Bobby: "Yes, it means that some horse is running around in his stocking feet."

"My husband's face dropped a mile when we first visited the Grand Canyon."

"Disappointed?"

"No, he fell over the rim!"

A well-known speaker lectured to the members of a literary society, and at the end of his address the secretary approached him with a check. This he politely refused, saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose.

"Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "What is the special fund for?"

"To enable us to get better lecturers next year."

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## HERE'S HOW

The Liguorian Pamphlet Office specializes in pamphlets and leaflets whose titles begin with the word "How". They furnish simple explanations of important tasks or problems in life, and provide simple answers to many of the questions that people ask about the topics they deal with. Among the "How" pamphlets are the following:

**HOW TO BECOME A CATHOLIC.** This is for non-Catholics who have become interested in the Catholic Church, but who do not know how to go about finding out more about her. It also answers many of the fears and objections that non-Catholics may have against taking instructions.

10 cents each; \$4.00 for 50 copies; \$7.00 per 100.

**HOW TO BE A GOOD PARISHIONER.** This is for Catholics, even for those who may have been thinking that they are good parishioners. It will make better Catholics of all who read it.

10 cents each; \$4.00 for 50 copies; \$7.00 per 100.

**HOW TO BE PURE.** Everybody knows what a problem it is to remain pure, in the midst of a world that seems, in many respects, bent on teaching everybody "how to be impure." In a few pages the subject is covered in such a way that rules of conduct for purity can be adopted by all who read it.

5 cents each; \$2.00 for 50 copies; \$3.50 per 100.

**WHY AND HOW TO PRAY OFTEN.** An explanation of the reason for cultivating the habit of saying ejaculatory prayers often during the day, and a selection of the easiest and best of such prayers.

25 cents for 10 copies; \$2.00 per 100.

Send Stamps, With 3c Extra, For Single Copies  
Order From The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Mo.

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## Motion Picture Guide

### UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

#### Reviewed This Issue

Alaska Patrol  
Look for the Silver Lining  
Lost Boundaries  
Movie Crazy  
Rim of the Canyon  
You're My Everything

#### Previously Reviewed

Adventure in Baltimore  
Africa Screams  
All Over Town  
Arctic Manhunt  
As You Like It  
Blondie's Big Deal  
Bombay, The Jungle Boy  
Boston Blackie's Chinese Venture  
Canadian Pacific  
Clay Pigeon, The  
Come to the Stable  
Connecticut Yankee in King

Arthur's Court  
Crashing Through  
Daughter of the Jungle  
Dead Man's Gold  
Death Valley Gunfighter  
Desert Vigilante  
Down to the Sea in Ships  
Duke of Chicago  
Feathered Serpent, The  
For the Love of Mary  
Frontier Investigator  
Frontier Revenge  
Green Promise, The  
Guinea Pig, The  
Gun Law Justice  
Gun Runner  
Home in San Antonio  
Home of the Brave  
Illegal Entry  
In the Good Old Summer Time  
It Happens Every Spring  
Jiggs and Maggie in Court  
Joan of Arc  
Laramie

Law of the Golden West  
Law of the West  
Life of Riley  
Little Women  
Lost Tribe, The  
Ma and Pa Kettle  
Make Believe Ballroom  
Man to Men (French)  
Mark of the Lash

Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill  
Mississippi Rhythm  
Monsieur Vincent (French)  
Mother Is a Freshman  
Mutineers, The  
Outlaw Country  
Place of One's Own, A  
Prince of the Plains  
Professor, My Son (Italian)  
Red Menace  
Red Pony, The  
Red Stallion in the Rockies  
Ride, Ryder, Ride  
Riders of the Whistling Pines  
Rustlers—RKO  
Rusty Saves a Life  
Sand  
Scott of the Antarctic  
Secret Garden, The  
Shamrock Hill  
Sheep Comes Home  
Sheriff of Wichita  
Singin' Spurs  
Special Agent  
Stagecoach Kid, The  
Stratton Story, The  
Susanna Pass  
Take Me Out to the Ball Game  
Trail's End  
Trouble Makers  
Tulsa  
Tuna Clipper  
Window, The

### UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

#### Reviewed This Issue

Blind Goddess  
Great Sinner, The  
House of Strangers  
Kazan  
Once Upon a Dream  
One Last Fling  
Red, Hot and Blue  
Scene of the Crime  
Woman Hater  
Woman Trouble (Italian)

#### Previously Reviewed

Act of Violence  
Alias Nick Beal  
Amazon Quest  
Any Number Can Play  
Barkleys of Broadway, The  
Bells of San Fernando  
Big Jack  
Big Steal, The

Broken Journey  
Canterbury Tale, A  
City Across the River  
Daughter of the West  
Esther Waters  
Family Honeymoon  
Fan, The  
Far Frontier, The  
Fear No Evil (Italian)  
Fighting O'Flynn, The  
Grand Illusion (French)  
Guagliò (Italian)  
Hamlet  
Hellfire  
Hideout  
Highway 13  
His Young Wife (Italian)  
Homicide  
I Cheated the Law  
I Shot Jesse James  
Johnny Allegro  
Johnny Belinda  
Judge Steps Out, The  
Kiss in the Dark  
Knock On Any Door  
Lady Gambles, The  
Last Bandit, The  
Man-Eater of Kumaon  
Massacre River  
Michael O'Halloran  
Mighty Joe Young  
Miss Mink of 1949  
Mr. Belvedere Goes to College  
My Brother Jonathan  
My Brother's Keeper  
My Dream Is Yours  
Night Has a Thousand Eyes  
Night Unto Night  
Parole, The  
Piccadilly Incident (British)  
Portrait of Jennie  
Quiet One, The  
Reign of Terror  
Roughshod  
Search for Danger  
Secret of St. Ives, The  
Snake Pit, The  
So This Is New York  
Sorrowful Jones  
State Department—File 619  
Streets of San Francisco  
Take One False Step  
Undercover Man  
Walking Hills, The  
Woman in the Hall, The  
Woman's Secret, A  
Younger Brothers